



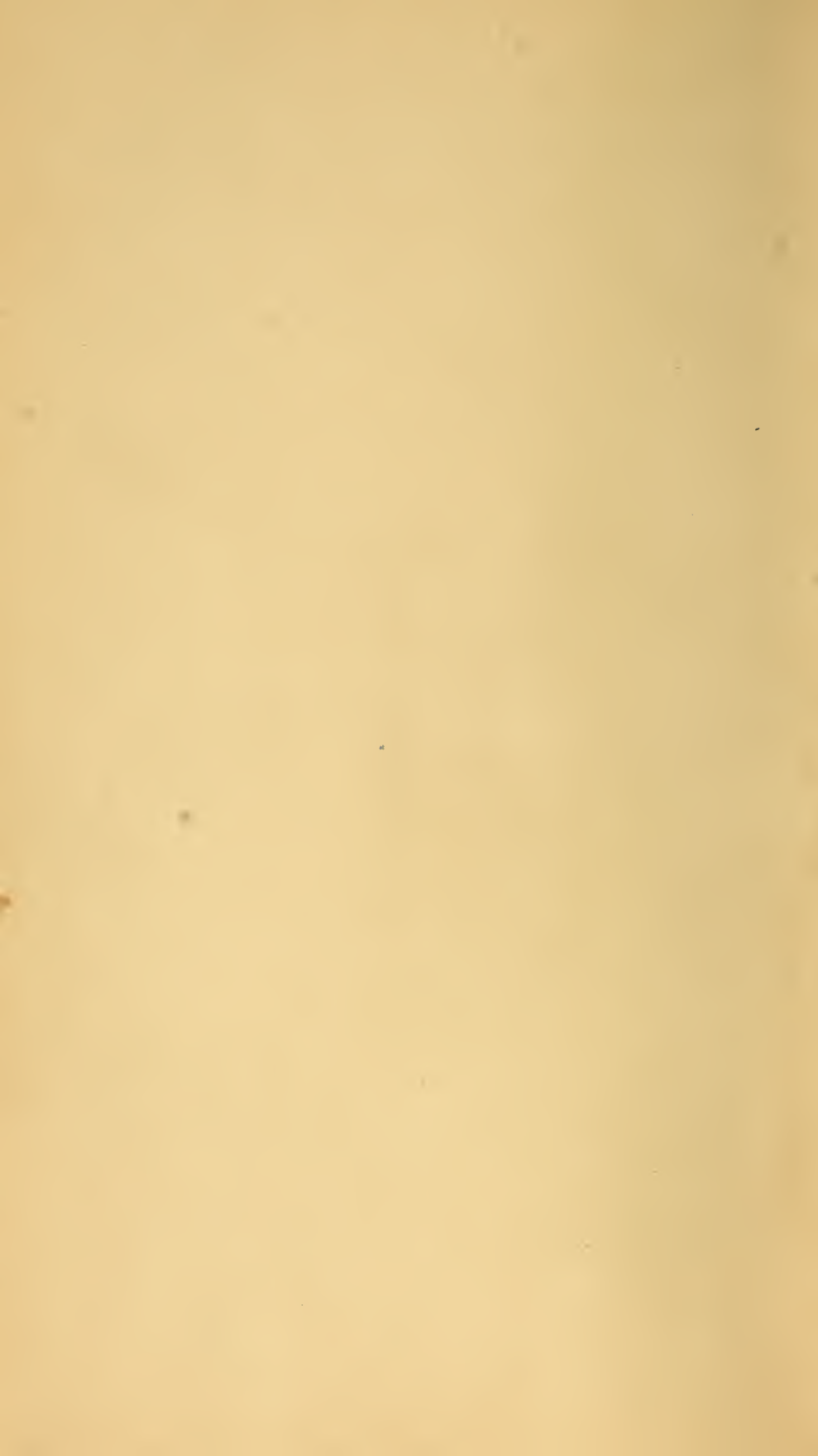
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The Phillips Exeter Lectures

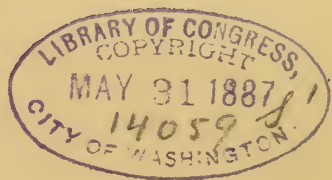
LECTURES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF
PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY

1885-1886

BY

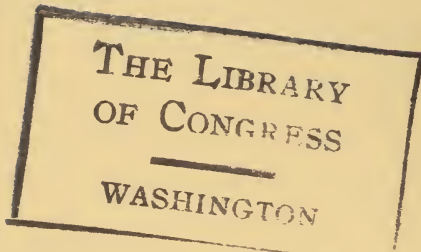
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ROBINSON, PORTER, AND CARTER, AND
REV. DRS. HALE AND BROOKS



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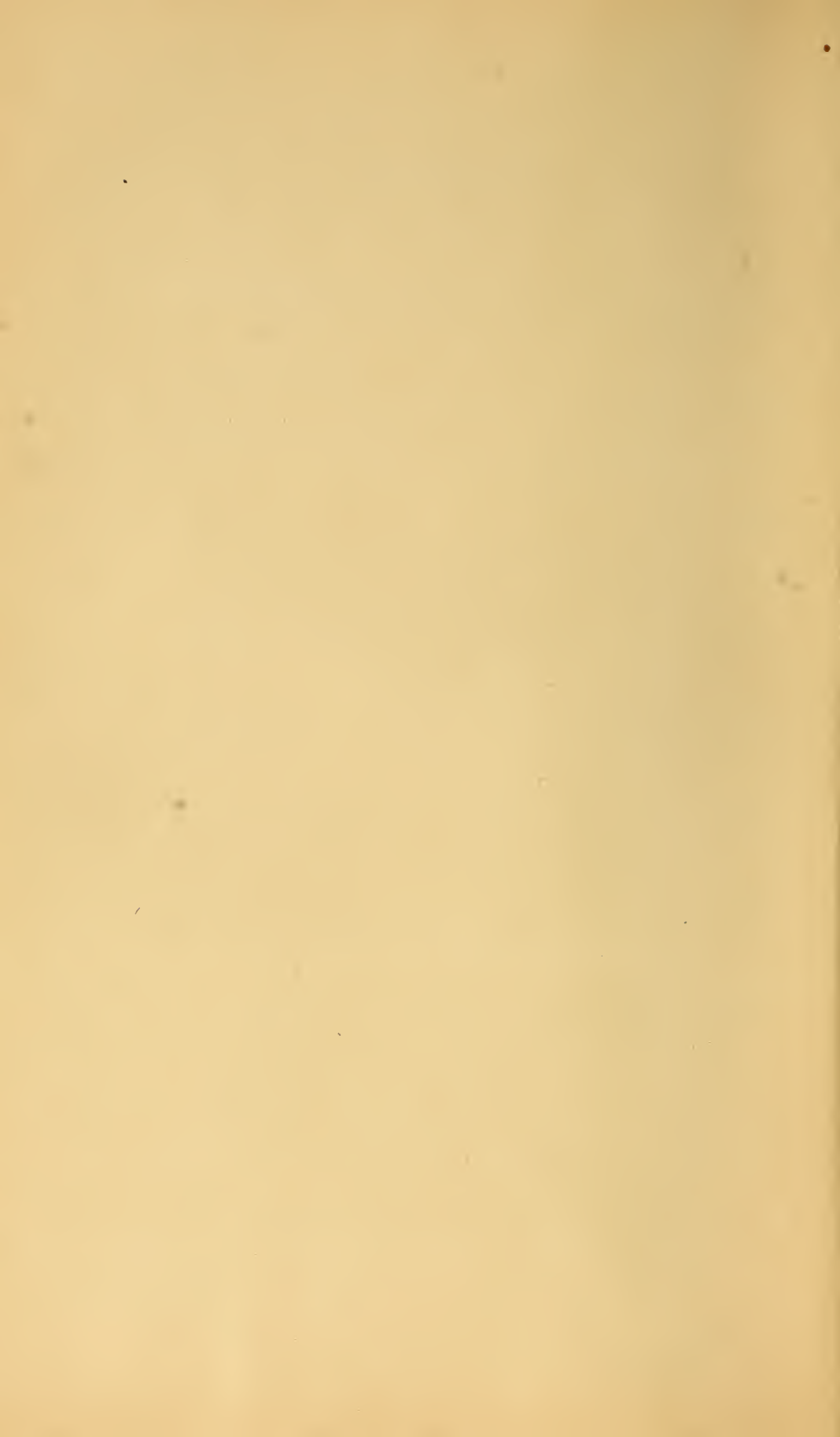
PREFACE.

DURING the year 1885-1886, a course of lectures was delivered by a number of eminent scholars to the students of Phillips Exeter Academy, at Exeter, in New Hampshire. Some of these gentlemen have consented to the publication of their lectures, and the Trustees feel assured that the Alumni of the Academy, and others interested in similar institutions, will be gratified with the opportunity thus afforded to satisfy the interest which the list of names and subjects appended cannot fail to awaken.

BOSTON, *May* 25, 1887.

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PHYSICAL, MENTAL, AND SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.

IN opening this course of Lectures, I have thought we might spend an hour to advantage in considering the relations of bodily training to mental training, and in looking for some of the "ties and dependencies" by which body and mind both are swayed by the soul of man, — or might be. At work as you are, you are interested, and should be interested, in physical exercises, and these will be considered in these Lectures. We ought to be curious as to their relation to mental training, for which so much of your work here is devoted, and we must ask how we are to gain more of the life, the strength of will, character, and purposes, by which alone can the man make his bodily strength or his mental discipline to be of any real value.

Any man who knows American life in this time knows the temptation which there is to relegate to certain seasons of the year one or other of these lines of training, and to wait till another season comes before we take up another. One can imagine a man like a college instructor I once knew, who said he had settled once for all the problems of his religious life, and was now ready to carry forward his mental disci-

pline ; and we can imagine the same man determining to throw his physical exercise into two or three summer months in the Adirondacks, or at Bar Harbor. You would say that if I described such a division of duty, it would be a burlesque. But it does not differ from the division which an undergraduate at Cambridge makes, who devotes all his autumn to training for a match in running or in walking, — sure that when December comes he can put on double steam and “cram” for his semi-annuals ; of whom, if you should ask what was happening to his soul, — where he was looking for strength of will, for force and character, — he would say that they must wait for a more convenient season. I shall be very glad if I can show any one how body, mind, and soul must be trained together ; that their training cannot be subdivided by any of our whimsical systems. We must learn that the training of the man is all important, and that when this is rightly ordered the man controls — yes, with absolute sway — the mind and the body. They are two hounds in the leash, — they must be held subordinate to the bidding of the imperial soul.

All that I am to say of physical exercise, or of mental discipline, is said in the hope of securing this absolute control.

And I will not speak simply as if you were always to have the order of your time and training regulated for you, as it is done here. The time is coming — nay, for many of you will come soon — when you must for yourselves select and establish the law of your daily lives. I shall fail wholly to-night if I do not show you that each day must be consecrated, not to one, but to three lines of education ; though indeed the three ought to be all turned together into one. I want

to show you that, in each separate day, there must be conscious effort in the development of Body, Mind, and Soul.

First of all, speaking to young men, — and I am glad to see that I am speaking to young women also, — my advice to them, precisely because they are at what has been called the omnipotent age, is not to attempt omnipotence. At the best you will be under many limitations, and it is well that you should be. Home has demands. The laws of school are demands. The university will have demands. Society has demands. Thus, you must receive visits and make them. You must eat and drink ; perhaps you must buy your food, or prepare it, or arrange the table. You must wear clothes ; perhaps you have to earn the money which pays for them ; perhaps it is your place to make them. Or there are younger brothers and sisters in the family : it is your place to take a fair share in the charge of them. Simply speaking, you are in a world where you are knit in with other people. Accept that position once for all, and do not struggle against it.

Watching life as it is, and striking a rough average of different experiences, I am apt to say to my young friends who are making their own plans that, at the beginning, they had better satisfy themselves with marking out the use which they will make of two or three hours a day. As things are, I think that will be as much as they can generally manage well. I mean to say that most young men owe their employers ten hours of the working-day, or they belong to a college or an academy for that time. If, beside that, they can manage two hours, whether in the evening or in the

early morning, for their own uses, I think they had better be satisfied ; only crowd these hours full. The same is true of young women who are engaged in shops, in offices, or in other regular vocations away from home. And, to continue to speak with the same precision, young women who are at home, without a profession, calling, or vocation, will have domestic duties such as I alluded to, and social calls, which are duties also, so frequent and making such demands on vital powers that they had better not form plans, as I believe, for more than three hours in a day. The young woman who fights for more fights at disadvantage ; she has not her work well in hand, and is constantly worried and worn. The apparent difference between the two hours' people and the three hours' people, as I have divided them, is not, in fact, real. There are advantages which belong to the first class, as I think we shall see.

I am, also, in the habit of advising in a very mechanical and wooden way, if you please, when I offer suggestions as to the use of these hours : —

Divide them between body, mind, and soul, and, if you are at all afraid of a mistake, divide them evenly. Take an hour for bodily exercise ; take an hour for the training of your mind ; and also one hour in such work for others, such talk with God, or for both, that you may be more manly and more womanly, more like him, when the day has gone by. The counsel is sufficiently wooden to be remembered. In practice, of course, it can be deviated from in detail. You see that the three uses of time may all be subserved at once. All the same, it is true that each day, and the part of it for which you are responsible, ought to see you advance in the training of body, mind, and soul.

Now, with regard to the first of these, those of you who have had to walk to an office, or a shop, or to recitations, in the morning, and back at night, have managed your physical exercise by the way. You have then your two hours free for the intellectual training you seek, and for your unselfish duties; and that is all that, under our plan, those persons who have no stated vocation which calls them out-of-doors are to devote to these cares.

Mechanical as this subdivision seems, I have found it, in a thousand cases, convenient to make it, relying, of course, on good sense and good feeling to interpret and administer the rule. Nor have I ever known, whether in written biography or in the experience of others confided to me, a case of disordered life or of low spirits, which are the signs of disordered life, which could not be improved by a fair administration of a rule so simple even if it be wooden. Low spirits are the sign that something is wrong. When your patient finds that he is in protracted low spirits, make him tell whether in his management of a day he does not neglect his bodily exercise, or his mental training, or that unselfish life, — that life of God and man which a man's soul requires.

In such an attack of depressed spirits, it has become now almost a commonplace to say at once that the patient probably needs physical exercise, and so to send him out to row in a boat, to take a walk, or to ride on horseback. Here is a crude recognition of the necessity involved. But it is not certain that the deficiency is the need of physical exercise. There are men and women who have exercise enough in the open air, who know only too well what are the terrors of depressed spirits. The danger is the danger of any

want of balance. That man knows it who is caring only for his physical exercise; that man knows it who is caring only for his books and intellectual training; and alas, many a man and many a woman have known it who have devoted all their powers only to religious aspirations. In such cases what I have a right to call a moral dyspepsia results as certainly and as terribly as ever physical dyspepsia followed under one of the other exaggerations.

II. Bearing in mind, all along, the interdependence of exercise for the body with exercise of the mind, and determining that both shall be swayed by the imperial soul, let us ask some questions, for future answer, perhaps as to our physical and our mental education.

And I will say next to nothing about those athletic exercises about which the wise fashion of to-day is enthusiastic, because I have little time, — and I am glad to think that young men at Exeter need little suggestion regarding them. In speaking of bodily training, I will begin with the duty of sleep. Sleep, profound and healthy, is the first of the physical duties, — good sleep and enough. Whatever hinders it must be thrown overboard. Even the old proverbs must give way, if need be, — the requisite in young life being that you shall rise for a day's duty hopeful, cheerful, and strong, with none of yesterday's arrears to carry. Do not forget the gospel direction, that you are to be new-born every morning, and to start really with the freshness of a little child. If your fit of special exertion yesterday, — the "German" pro-

tracted till two o'clock in the morning, the puzzle in the counting-room to find out where those lost two cents had gone from the balance-sheet, — if such things as these last night bring you to this morning with a hot head, after feverish tossing through the small hours, you are simply committing suicide by inches. And such suicide is not to be judged by different canons from those which condemn the sudden blow.

Sleep comes without asking and without thought, indeed, when we are loyally obeying the great laws, when we are in the service which is perfect freedom. "He giveth his beloved sleep" is an oracle of profound significance.¹

Now I know I traverse the habits, and I suppose the opinions, of many excellent people, when I say that exercise in the open air every day of life is also a necessity for young people who are well and who would keep well. I know what the excuses are, — of climate, dress, occupation, and all that. Let them go. The truth is that fresh air is health, and the loss of it is disease. Nor is that American habit I ridicule, of trying to do all your work at once and in the bulk, ever more absurd than when we try to take all our fresh air on Monday by an excursion down the harbor,

¹ I have attempted some details on this subject elsewhere; and I eagerly refer readers who need to Dr. W. A. Hammond's admirable essay on Sleep. I will say here that hard mental work in the last three or four hours in the working-day should be avoided. Far better to study between five and seven in the morning than between eight and ten at night. Never work on mathematics in these hours (or within an hour after any meal). Do not write your absorbing and exciting letters then. On the other hand, a walk, or better, perhaps, a run, just before bedtime, is an excellent night-cap.

and so to buy the right to live shut up in prison Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, over our dressmaking or housekeeping, our accounts or other business, or our study. I am to speak, by and by, of the nearer communion with God which a man enjoys who walks with him, as Adam did in the garden, in the cool of the day. It is not of that that I speak now, but of the mere physical conditions which keep the physical machine in order. For a person in health, the preservation of health demands daily exercise in the open air, winter or summer, country or city, cold or hot, wet or dry.

And, though I have eschewed detail, let me ask my young friends to undertake it. It is worth any boy's while, or any girl's, for instance, to see what care those old Greeks thought it wise to give to such matters. Look, for instance, into such books as Anacharsis's Travels, Landor's Pericles and Aspasia, Becker's Charicles, Mahaffy's Athenian Life, or the proper articles in Smith's Dictionary, to see how it was that the Greek sculptors had at hand such forms as the Apollo, the Genius of Life, or the Venus of Milo. It was by no accident that Sophocles lived strong and well till he was ninety-five, or that the little city of Athens, when it was not as big as Lawrence or Worcester is to day, had then such a cluster of well-trained men, with bodies well-nigh perfect. These men were trained in a school which sought for bodily health by system and regimen.

If I were to speak of details, it would not be simply of the exercises of the Greek gymnasium. I have been asked to say a special word as to the value of sweeping a room as a physical exercise for women or men, and I ought to say that some scientific persons give it

the first place. Dancing, also, deserves the place which it has won in all history and in all civilizations except that of the Puritans ; and there, as you know, it has fought its way through, though against tremendous odds. Of course you would not advise a boy to dance all night, more than you would advise a girl to sweep all day ; and there ought to be as little danger of one excess as the other. If, again, while I pass other exercises without a word, I select the exercise of swimming, it is because this community is just now neglecting it. If I had my way, there should be public and universal instruction in swimming, for girls as well as boys. In the event of accident, a woman ought to be as well able as a man to save her own life or to rescue others. I do not think it is creditable to Boston that other cities should be far in advance of us in their provisions for teaching swimming. And it is to be said of swimming that it is an absolutely perfect exercise.

Thus much of those physical exercises which are simply personal ; which Robinson Crusoe might and must have followed out on his island, though he were never to be rescued. There is another series which will interest you young people more, because they have to do with your relations with others ; although you could carry them out on a desert island, in fact you train yourself in them because we live in society with others. These are the lines of what we call "accomplishments," not speaking very precisely. Here, again, I do not attempt much detail, but I do want you to consider them as moral beings do. I want to put them on the plane of morals. And if you will put them there, you may study the details yourselves. Your consciences, quick and pure, and sustained by

God in answer to your prayer, are your oracles, much more quick and reliable for you than any judgments of mine.

With regard to some of these accomplishments, the decision is already practically made. For instance, it is taken for granted that all of you and all decent people shall know how to write. This is a pure physical exercise; as much so as is fencing or swimming. It is expected, and rightly expected, that everybody shall compass that accomplishment. Now, shall we go a step further? Every one who can write can learn to draw. Shall we insist that they all do? or shall we say that only persons with a distinct artistic genius shall learn? or shall we say that only they shall learn, and, beside them, certain others also who can be of use in teaching drawing?

I am quite clear here that we are right in exacting the rudiments of this accomplishment from all. I do not believe that you will all be artists; nor is there any reason why you should. But there is every reason why you should represent correctly, and not incorrectly, what you see and what you mean. There is every reason why, if you give a carpenter directions for repairing your house, you should be able to direct him, and not misdirect him. When the general calls upon you from the ranks some day, sends you out as a scout, and you return with information, you ought to be able to plot it properly on paper. When you discover a new flower or a new insect in the wilderness, you ought to be able to represent it correctly in the interests of science for those who study. Perhaps your sense of color is dull; perhaps your memory of form is bad. None the less ought you to be able to see, and to put on paper what you see. And the truth

is that learning to draw is learning to see. For the rest, let those who love their drawing keep on with it and go further. Let the others pass it by and take up other exercises. "Those who love it," — that is a better statement than "those who have a genius for it." If they love it enough to persevere, their genius, more or less, will take care of itself. And this definition is accurate enough for any young scholar to apply it in his own training.

The next question is infallibly as to the training of the voice, still a matter of physical culture.

Without discussing this in much detail, I will say that quite aside from the mere pleasure of singing is the exercise of the body involved. All young men must learn to speak in public, and both boys and girls want to read aloud and to read well. The careful training for singing is probably the best exercise for the public speaker, and the present striking deficiency of the home circle, its difficulty in finding good readers, will cease when it has those who have opened their chests, learned to use all their muscles, and given range to the register of voice by exercise in singing.

One step further. We will try all the children in singing, and we will give up those who do not love it or those who cannot learn. Shall we try them all with instruments of music? Shall we place fifty thousand piano-fortes in the fifty thousand dwelling-houses of Boston? Or, failing them, shall we substitute parlor organs, harps and citherns, violins and instruments of ten strings? Such seems to be the present disposition, encouraged, as I have sometimes supposed, by the manufacturing disposition of the New Englander, and our skill in making musical instruments of the first quality.

But, as you see, the plan travels beyond the discipline of the man ; it requires that he shall also possess an instrument, and a complex instrument. And it is probably at this line that we are to stop. If he love music, let him learn to play ; if he love it enough, let him be Joseph Haydn, or Mendelssohn, or Rubinstein. But if he do not love it, let him choose for his vocation, or for his avocation, something which he is made for. There may be instances where, with all his love, he will be slow at learning. That is no matter : he has eternity before him. There may be cases where, with all his love, he will never work out the great achievements, so called. No matter for that. The peasant who first hummed the air of Auld Lang Syne has given as much pleasure in his day as any monarch of music with the grandest symphony. Nay, some blundering choir to-day, as it stumbles through Lyons or Coronation, if it sing with the spirit, comes nearer the Throne of Grace than the Sistine company, if it be singing only with the understanding. The object with which you learn is not success merely, it is not fame merely, but it is best measured by your love of what you learn. And the question you have to ask is this : “ Shall I to-morrow render service more acceptable than I rendered yesterday ? ”

The requisite is health, and health means balance of body, mind, and soul. To Jesus Christ himself, in the midst of that cheerful, open-air life of his in Galilee, so glad that it has been called a constant festival, poor John the Baptist sent messengers from his underground prison, just as we look out from our dim man-made prisons upon the glories of the world of God. John asked him what he was doing ; and had he forgotten all their plans ? The answers of Jesus are quite

as much of bodily health as of mental ; quite as much of mental health as of the aspirations of the soul, — quite as much, but no more, for of these he speaks quite as eagerly as of those. But he cannot separate the one from the other. He is engaged in care for all three. “In that same hour,” says Luke, in his picturesque way, “he cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of evil spirits ;” body and mind alike were comforted ; and the message he sent to John was of such comfort as this, of such health as this, with the other message that the glad tidings of God were taught at the same moment, and with the lesson to John, “Blessed is he that shall not be offended in me.” What lesson and suggestion for us, in what we are pleased to call our “spiritual experiences” ! How far is my hardness of heart, or the melancholy with which I look back on my wicked life, — how far is it a spiritual experience ? How much of it is due to disordered digestion ? Or where do the freaks of a wayward mind, say of a wild imagination or of ill-ordered logic, come in ? Or, if I set myself to minister to the poor, as he did, how certain it is that I must prepare myself, not simply with the Bible which I carry to read to the sick, but with the good sense which shall answer the cross-questioning of the dissatisfied, and also with the gospel of cleanliness and the open air with which I am to dispel head-ache and heart-ache together ! The whole lesson of Jesus Christ is thus for balance, — for that health which is the balance of training with training, and faculty upon faculty. And when we ask these young friends of ours to make him the leader of their lives, this is what we mean, — that in all such directions as we have been tracing he shall be master. He knew how to live, knew how to extort

the most from life, to make it abundant, to make it glad, and to make it useful. And you, when you try to give to these physical exercises some sense, some moderation, some purpose and meaning, whether it be in a running-match or whether it be in practising the scale, you are not on the right track unless the unity of all life appears to you as he showed it. You are not training your voice, or your hand, or your foot, or your eye for your own behoof alone: it is that you may bear your brother's burden the better. Who does this fulfils Christ's whole law. And because he fulfils it, he does more than appears to the eye. While he trains the body, he trains mind and soul. The obedience which compels these fingers to that distasteful task, as they pass up and down the keys, is the same quality of life with which Gabriel bears God's message from one end of heaven to the other. The steadiness which holds to its purpose till the last moment of the foot-race is the endurance which endures to the end, of which endurance safety, or salvation, is the reward.

III. In speaking now very briefly of the mental discipline which must come in as a part of every day of life, I do not forget for a moment that the cant about "culture" has made that dreadful word ridiculous throughout all New England, and among all people who laugh at New Englanders. If anybody ought to know the absurdity of such cant, it is we who have lived in the midst of it. I think we are in no danger.

We are not proposing, by any course of primary-school or secondary-school education, to introduce the kingdom of God through the spelling-book. In such

follies this community tried its experiments forty years ago. We are hoping to serve God, and to serve him well. We are seeking his kingdom, and would gladly make the entrance to it easier for those who seek to enter. Seeking this, we would get the best use we can of our tools, — tools which he has given us. Nor can a better illustration be found for the training we give the mind — which is one of those tools — than we have had already in the training we should like to give to the body, which is the other.

1. I am to speak first in the way of caution. This caution is to be borne in mind, that mere reading is not, in itself, mental training. There is, in this direction, a popular superstition. But, in truth, the reading of a low-lived novel is as bad training as intimacy with a low-lived man. That every one sees. We may go much farther. To read gossiping novels all day long is no more mental training than to talk with gossiping fools all day long. It is necessary to give this caution in advance, because we have but little time in any day, in this plan of life which we are following, and we must be careful that that time really goes for what we pretend. We will not deceive ourselves. We will not talk as if reading the newspapers, or reading magazines, or reading novels, did us any great good, or were a part of our training. I hope they will do us no harm; nor need they. But when we speak of giving an hour a day to mental improvement, we do not speak of this galloping over pages of novels, or columns of newspapers, merely for the entertainment of the hour.

2. If you can arrange among yourselves to work together, a great point is gained. Then the God-given stimulus comes in, in the stimulus of society. These little clubs to read French, to study history, to try

experiments in chemistry, to botanize together, or to follow whatever study, are the best possible helps or methods. I never tire of describing the system which they have arrived at at the English Cambridge, after near one thousand years of experiment, as the best possible way of study. The young men who are studying for honors make such appointment with their tutors that each one has every day an hour with his tutor alone. If need be, they study the lesson together. The teacher not only teaches the lesson, but he shows the others how to learn the lesson. Then each scholar works upon the tasks assigned, for two or three hours. And the work of each day ends when all of these teachers and pupils, at the most not more than four, meet for at least an hour, and all together work with mutual help. That is the best system which the experience of so many centuries has devised for the best training for the best men in it.

Now, there is no necessity of going to a university for what is the most valuable part of this training. Its value comes from their all working together. Any three or four friends who can meet daily, or not so often, to read together, can command it. Life quickens life. There is one funny person, one imaginative person, one with a strong memory, one who is steady-going and holds the others to their tasks. The work is of better quality, it is better remembered; and a real training of the mind is involved. It is a great thing to learn to tell what you know. It is a much greater thing to learn to confess ignorance. It is greater yet to learn how to live with others, — how to repress your own arrogance, how to endure other people's; or, in general, how to make allowance for the finite or fallible elements in other lives, and how to

make out and make the best of the infinite elements, which are invaluable. All this mental practice is better gained in a literary club, or a circle to read French, than in the City Council or in Congress ; and that is true, — which is always true, — that he who succeeds in these lesser things carries in his success the power to rule cities, as the parable puts it. The experience of the little gives the victory on the larger scale.

3. And what are you to study or to read ? On what bone are you to gnaw in this discipline ? The choice is your own. That is the first thing to say. At school you are to do what they tell you to do. Afterwards you are to do what you think you need most and can do best. These two directions go together. You are not always, as a matter of course, to study the thing which you know least. Perhaps, with all the study in the world, you would not compass it. By the time you leave school you ought to know. Study what you need most and can do best. There is wide range for choice ; but now it is range where your likings and your genius both have play.

Mr. Emerson, who is one of the wisest teachers here, says in one place, when he is directing us how to buy books, that we are to buy books “in the line of our genius.” But, for boy or girl of seventeen years of age, the trouble generally is that one does not yet know what the line of his genius is. Nor is it any blame to man or woman, if either of them cannot, till death, decide a question so delicate. Mr. Emerson said again, when consulted as to a course of study : “It does not matter so much what you study as with whom you study.” Something you are interested in, something you like, and something you need. When one has rightly learned his own ignorance, — and that is what

we go to school for, — he ought to be able to choose. If you have found out at seventeen that you cannot well follow the mathematics, leave them for those who can. If, after fair trial, you make nothing of metaphysics, let them go to those who can. If it prove that you delight in the high-ways and by-ways of history, — if old times begin to grow real to you, and these dead skeletons of names to take flesh and color, — study history. If you follow Stanley, or Kane, or these new travellers in Australia, step by step, with eager curiosity, study geography. If you have won a triumph at the debating club, because you have untangled some knot of finance or of tariff, and if the researches of the economist attract you, study real politics, — the economies of wealth. You ought to be able to decide the subject better than any one can choose for you.

4. When you have decided, hold to your decision. I had a young friend who used to come to me once a week, one winter, to borrow books and consult about his reading. At first, I was delighted with the breadth of his views and the courage of his study. But when I found that in twenty weeks he had attacked as many of the fundamental subjects, and abandoned them, I became uneasy. His enthusiasm turned in two months from organic chemistry to Roman jurisprudence, from that to organized philanthropy in modern life, from that to Darwinism and the law of selection, from that to the English Constitution, from that to Augustinianism and the theology of the fall of man, and so on. What made this alarming was that on each subject he was sure, on successive Saturdays, that it was the only subject for a man of conscience to engage in in our times, and he generally borrowed as many books as he could carry for its study.

“Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.” That is the old Hebrew warning against such foolery. Choose your line of study, and hold on ; let book lead to book, subject open from subject. Never fear but the range will be wide enough before you have done. I sincerely believe that, with the resources of our great public libraries, any man or woman of spirit who chose to take up a subject of detail, which had not been already wrought out by a specialist, might, in a month’s time, be in advance of any person in the community on that line of research. I could safely, I believe, make the statement for a shorter period. You do have the encouragement of feeling that what you work upon may soon be of use to others also. It is not mere “culture.” It is work of real service to God and to man. But this implies continued service ; that you shall not fling away week after week of life, like the weather-cock fool I have been describing. Advance from step to step. Make your base here for a movement there ; establish another base for a farther movement ; and never be satisfied to regard the work you are doing as anything less than a part of your contribution eventually to the improvement of the world.

5. If you so regard it, this regular exercise will not be set aside on whatever excuse or fancy. You and your companions will hold to it day by day as indeed a duty, not a bit of relaxation or entertainment merely. You will come to regard it as something which must be, not to be set aside for light cause, — more than your dinner, your breakfast, or your sleep. No harm if in time you make other people regard it as a necessity. In all new countries everything is exceptional and nothing regular. I cannot have my meals as punctually when I have to shoot the rabbit or the deer,

and skin him and cook him for myself, as I can have them when they are served at a hotel. But the word "civilization" means escape from such disorder and irregularity. High civilization means that the ball falls and the bell strikes precisely at twelve ; that the train for New York leaves precisely at ten or at eight ; that the schools open precisely at nine. It means as well that when you have seriously agreed with a circle of your friends to meet regularly at a certain time for the reading of history, you will do so. That is one of the things where you will be master. You are not claiming, as we have seen, to be master for four and twenty hours. For a great part of the four and twenty hours you have even agreed to be obedient to the wishes of others. But for these two or three hours you are to be master. Neither your indolence, nor your modesty, nor your good nature, is to surrender this claim. Nor are you claiming this for yourself. As God's child, you are trying to serve him, and the claim you make is on his behalf : it is not yours. Having determined, perhaps with others, to follow this course of training, whatever it may be, let that determination be final and absolute.

6. And now I come to a direction vastly more important than any or all of these matters of detail. The mind is beneath your own control, if you will choose to assert that control early. It shall not think of mean things or bad things, unless you permit it. Not at once, indeed, but yet by slow training, that control is possible. Yes, and the first direction is this, of the sensible though enthusiastic Paul, that a man shall not think of himself ; and he adds, with a certain humor which never long leaves him, indeed, "more highly than he ought to think," — a condition which, to

most of us, leaves the range of thinking which is permitted on a plane sufficiently if not ludicrously low.

In another statement of St. Paul's, which we cannot consider too often, he says of the Saviour himself: "He made himself of no reputation." The two phrases together are the sternest rebuke of this self-conscious thought of one's self which uses man's noblest power for what is man's meanest business. Warning enough, or rebuke enough, if warning and rebuke would save us! And when these do not save a man, — when he yields to the temptation and uses his reason only about himself, uses his memory to remember his own affairs only, uses his imagination only to build his own air-castles, his skill in the mathematics only to compute his own fortune, — then the punishment in store for him is the punishment most terrible. For the time is before him when he shall not be able to turn his thought away from the central figure. He shall go to the theatre to see the marvels of the drama; but the scene shall pass before his eyes, he noticing nothing, because he sees nothing but himself; he sits acting over some mortifying failure. Or, he shall buy the last romance and take it home and read; but there is no story for him, — no lover and no mistress, no plot and no *dénouement*. He cannot separate himself from these steadily recurring memories, to which he has taught the fibres of his brain to recur. Or, he shall travel; but, alas! he takes his familiar with him, and with mockery, like that of Mephistopheles, in every Alpine valley, in every picture-gallery, and at every pageant, here the old chatter begins again about "me" and "mine" and "I" and "myself," which it would be such mercy to leave at home. Poor wretch, he cannot leave it at home! He thought when he was a boy

that these simple words, "He made himself of no reputation," had no meaning for him. He would make himself a name to be trumpeted. He thought, when he read in St. Paul that no man was to think of himself, that this was an Oriental exaggeration, or it was for eighteen centuries ago ; or, briefly, that he knew better than St. Paul. He thought so ; but he learned that the punishment for that conceitedness is to be cursed with one's own company, one's own thoughts, one's own memories.

Of which disease the remedy also is offered by the same physician : "Let a man think soberly," he says ; and in another place, "Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue or if there be any praise, think on these things." Now this instruction is practical ; not meant for rhetoric or poetry, but as a direction for an intelligent man to pursue in the conduct of life. You can keep impure thoughts out of your mind by thinking of that which is pure. You can keep yourself out of your mind by thinking of other people. And, to train the mind in generous and large thought, so that it may not fall back to mean thought and small, is the most important duty you have in this part of life, which has to do with making ready your weapons.

And these illustrations must be all that I must attempt. They will be enough to show how you ought to consider every question of detail. The accomplishments of the Greek sophists were wasted, as the deportment of every Turveydrop is absurd, because neither

of them made the man more manly or the woman more womanly. And all education is worthless unless it secures this end. It must secure strength of will. It must double force. It must build up character. Have you heard it said, perhaps, that in the later school of English novels the element of religious culture has dropped out, — that in most of these novels the hero or the heroine almost never speaks of God, or heaven, or Saviour, or Bible? This may or may not be true as a superficial criticism of the outside of these books. But what is far more important in the best of them is that they insist so steadily as they do upon character, — upon the living force of the living man. Your hero stands consistent and persistent, and will not give way. You may make a beggar of him, and he will not quail. You may outvote him, but he defies you. He is stronger than parties, he is stronger than fashion, he is stronger than numbers, he is stronger than money. This means simply that he is a true man, and that man is omnipotent, when he chooses the right ally. It means that nothing prevails against character.

Now the creation of such character is the object or the result of all true education, of all bodily training, of all mental discipline, and of all spiritual exercises. To say all in one word, offer yourselves wholly, body, soul, and spirit, to your God. Does this seem an ecclesiastical phrase? It means simply this : —

Do not separate your religion from the rest of life, but soak your life in your religion, and your religion in your life, for you ought not to be able to separate the two. You are not God's child on Sunday, and a child of the world on Monday. You are God's child all the time. It is not God's law that you obey when you eat the bread of communion, and the world's law when

you compute interest in the counting-room ; it is all God's law, and you can make the one duty as sacred as the other. You can row your boat, when you are pulling in a match, loyally, bravely, truly, as a pure, unselfish boy rows it, and so as to please God who gives you strength for that endeavor. You can sit at the piano, and practise your scales, humbly, patiently, and with the same determination with which an archangel goes about his duties. You can do that to God's glory. And God is pleased when you make that endeavor. You can take your baby-brother to ride ; you can lift his carriage upon the curb-stone gently when there is a street to cross ; you can meet the perplexities and irritations of that care as Uriel stood before the sun, to keep watch and ward. The charge may be as true, as pure, and as grand. It may be a part of your sacrifice and of your religion.

For you and me the effort is to be, not simply to stand at the altar, or to watch the wreaths of incense, or simply to repeat the words of the service, though this in its place may please us and help us ; but to make the world a temple as we make life a joy, by living, moving, and being in God, with God, and for God. That common care may be glorified, that daily duty may be made divine, to you, — this is the beginning, middle, and end.

HABIT AND ITS INFLUENCE IN THE TRAINING AT SCHOOL.

WE are all familiar with habit. We feel it working within ourselves, and we see it operating in others. It has been shown that it derives its power mainly from the laws of the association of ideas. Certain mental states, certain thoughts and feelings, have followed each in a certain order once, twice, ten times, or a hundred times, and now on any one of these coming up the others will be disposed to follow: quite as naturally as the stone falls to the ground, or as water bursting from its fountain will flow in the channel formed for it. When the habits are bodily ones they are confirmed by the law, that when any organ of our frame is exercised there is a greater flow of blood and vital energy towards it, and it is made stronger and more active. These two laws of our compound nature — the one mental and the other corporeal — generate habit, which is characterized by two marked features: —

(1.) *There is a tendency to repeat the acts which have often been done.* You wonder at the drunkard become so infatuated; but the grieving, the downcast mother, or the disheartened wife, can tell you of a time — and a sigh heaves her bosom as she speaks of it —

when the now outcast and degraded one was loved and respected, and returned with regularity to quiet and domestic peace in the bosom of the family. But, alas ! he would not believe the warnings of a parent ; he did not attend to the meek unobtrusive recommendations of a wife or sister ; he despised the commands of the living God ; and, seeking for happiness where it has never been found, he spurned at those who told him that the habit was fixing its roots, till now he has become the scorn and jest of the thoughtless, and the object of pity to the wise and good ; talking of his kindness of heart while his friends and family are pining in poverty ; boasting to his companions, in the midst of his brutal mirth, of his strength of mind, and yet unable to resist the least temptation. What we see in so marked a manner in drunkenness has equal place, though it may not be so striking, in the formation of every other habit ; as of indolence, which shrinks from every exertion ; and of avarice and worldly - mindedness, which keep us ever toiling among the clay of this earth ; and licentiousness, which wades through filth till it sinks hopelessly into the mire of pollution. The young man is driven on as by a terrible wind behind moving to fill up a vacuum, as by a tide with its wave upon wave pursuing each other, under an attracting power which will not let go its grasp. In all cases we see how difficult it is for those who have been accustomed to do evil to learn to do well ; at times almost as impossible as for a man who has thrown himself from a pinnacle to rise up when he is half-way down, or for a man who has committed himself to the stream above Niagara to stop when he is at the very brink.

And let no man try to excuse his criminality on the

ground that the acts are now beyond his will. He should resist the wave till it has expended itself ; he should seek a more favorable wind to drive him along. He is even now to blame for not resisting the evil and not seeking divine aid to help him out of the pit ; and he is chiefly and above all to blame for the habit which is his formation throughout. For it was by repeated acts that the man wore the ruts and deepened the ruts out of which it is now so difficult to move him. It was the glass of rum or brandy from day to day, the intoxicating drinks from week to week, at the dinner or evening party : it was this that formed the addictedness to intemperance. In these processes there was criminality at every step ; and all that ensues — this slavery and these chains — is a judicial infliction for the evil that has been done : the punishment here, as in hell, adding to the greatness and virulence of the wickedness. In most cases, indeed, the man did not see the consequences, but it is because he shut his eyes to them. He would do the deed only this one time, and then he would stop. But the temptation which swayed him the first time anew presents itself and is once more yielded to. Having crossed the line which separates vice from virtue, he thinks that a few more transgressions may not much aggravate the offence ; he therefore goes a little farther, still cherishing the idea that he may return at any time. At length some rash deed of excess, or unexpected exposure, shows him that it is time to draw back ; and then it is that he feels how difficult the retreat. It was easy to slide into the net ; but what obstacles catch him as he would draw back ! His past motion has created a momentum which impels him farther and ever on towards the gulf. “ Be not deceived, God is

not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He has sown to the flesh, and of the flesh he now reaps corruption. He has sown to the wind, and the whirlwind rises to toss him along as by an irresistible power. He has set the stone a-rolling, and he has to answer for the injury it may do as it descends. He has loosed the wagon and let it go down the inclined plane, and he is responsible for all the havoc it may work as it dashes on with ever accelerated speed. There are affecting cases in which the man is conscious of his misery as he sinks, like those travellers who are lost in the Alps down the snowy descent into the awful gulf. Take the following confession of a man of genius, a poet, and a philosopher, at the time when he had become the slave of opium, taken in the first instance to relieve a bodily disease : "Conceive," says Coleridge, "a poor miserable wretch, who for many years had been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice which reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his vices exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in James, that he who offended in one point offends in all, very harsh ; but now I feel the tremendous, the awful truth of it. For the one sin of opium what crimes have I not made myself guilty of ! Ingratitude to my Maker and to my benefactors, and unnatural cruelty to my poor children ; nay, too often, actual falsehood. After my death I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness and its guilty cause may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example."

(2.) *Habit gives a facility in doing acts which have often been performed.* This peculiarity is derived from that just considered. It is the tendency that gives the facility; the acquired momentum that gives the velocity. At first the work could be done only by an effort, only by a special act of the will setting itself to devise means and avoid obstacles. Now the process, once begun, goes on of itself. As a consequence, that which may at first have been irksome, because laborious, now becomes pleasant because easy, — and now natural, that is according to a natural law.

Under the other aspect of habit, we were led to view its evil results. Now we are rather invited to contemplate its beneficent effects; and, surely, the law of habit, like every other part of our constitution, was appointed for good by our Maker. True, it is found that when we abuse this law it has within itself, and evidently provided for this end, the means of inflicting a terrible judicial punishment. But, certainly, the law is good to them that use it lawfully. We have forgotten a great deal of our childish experiences, yet we remember so much, and we see enough to convince us, that that little boy has his trials at every stage as he learns to read, — as first he masters the letters one by one, then the words, word after word; and then is able, out of these black strokes, to gather a history, or a science, or a doctrine regarding God and Christ, and the soul, and the world to come. And yet how easy do we now find all this as in a few minutes we read a whole page, with perhaps its 1,500 letters! I mention this for the encouragement of those who are pursuing their education. For, gentlemen, our efforts to improve our minds should not cease with our childhood. We should be scholars all our days on earth, and

until we shall reach the Kingdom of Heaven, where, I suppose, we shall also be scholars sitting at the feet of the Great Teacher. I recommend that every young man should, at every particular time, be ambitiously and resolutely engaged at his leisure-hours in mastering some new branch of knowledge, secular or sacred. Let one propose to himself to acquire a new language, say German or French ; another, to master a science, say chemistry or natural history ; a third, to become thoroughly familiar with some department of civil history ; while others, or the same, would make themselves conversant with Bible history, or of the history of the Church of Christ in the early ages, or of the Reformation struggle, with its instructive lessons and thrilling incidents of suffering and martyrdom ; or they would master the system of Christian theology, or the plan and reasoning of the Epistle to the Romans. In prosecuting any one of these studies, they will find difficulties ; but let me assure them for their encouragement, that these will be felt only at the beginning, and will disappear and be forgotten, like the difficulties you had years ago in learning the alphabet. And these difficulties being overcome, you will find your minds strengthened and braced by the very effort you have made and the victory you have gained. Of all attainments, my young friends, youthful habits of a useful kind are to you the most valuable, — more valuable than even all the knowledge you may have acquired in forming them. And youth is the special time for acquiring habits : habits of industry and application ; habits of manliness and independence ; habits of activity ; habits of benevolence and self-sacrifice ; habits of reading ; habits of rigid thought ; habits of devotion. I have been uttering a warning

against the formation of evil habits ; but you will not be able to prevent bad habits in any other way than by cultivating good ones. You will not be able to keep down the weeds except by preoccupying the soil with good seed. And, as I have said, the very labor you have undergone in forming good habits will harden you for further exertion. There is a fable told somewhere of a Norman captain, who became possessed of the virtues — whether courage, sagacity, perseverance, or whatever else — of the persons slain by him in battle. This fable becomes a fact in the history of every one who has acquired a good habit. Every difficulty surmounted by him in a branch of useful knowledge clothes him with new strength and prepares him for new conquests.

I am to apply these general laws of habit to the subject of education.

It should be a principal aim of education to produce good habits. The teacher should not be satisfied with mere mechanical rules prescribed in the text-book or laid down by himself. The pupil should not be contented with learning lessons by rote. Habit is proverbially a second nature, and the instruction should be engrafted into this second nature. The work should not be regarded as over when the pupil has finished his lesson ; it should be called up anew and subjected to a process of rumination. The boy learning Latin should be taught to think at times in Latin, and in Greek when he is learning Greek ; he should, as it were, say to himself, How would a Roman put this, or an inhabitant of ancient Athens ? and he should apply geometry to the figures and heights around him.

About the first thing which a teacher should seek

to produce is a habit of application. In order to do this he must secure attention to the lesson learned and accuracy in saying it. Most boys have not this power naturally ; they are rather characterized by volatility. Some seem to have as little power over their own minds as they have over those of others. Some never acquire the habit, and have to suffer all their life in consequence ; and are outstripped by people of inferior talents, but who are distinguished by their industry. Perseverance is a greater security for success in life than bright talents, and it is very much the result of habits acquired, and ever impelling men to go on in the course on which they have entered. The bodily frames of the young men now before me are growing, and, altogether unconsciously to themselves, are taking the shape which they are to retain through life : so their characters, at home and at school, are being fashioned into the form, good or evil, which they are to keep through time and eternity.

At this point the question arises, What branches should be taught in our upper schools to secure this end ? I have to reply first in a general way, that it should be the highest aim of a school and college to *educate*, that is, to draw out and educate the faculties which God has given us. Our Creator, no doubt, means all things in our world to be perfect in the end ; but He has not made them perfect ; He has left room for growth and progress ; and it is a task laid on His intelligent creatures to be fellow-workers with Him in finishing that work which He has left incomplete, merely that they may have honorable employment in completing it. Education ought to be a gymnastic to all our powers, not overlooking those of the body ; that every muscle may be braced to its manly

exercise, that our young men may be able to assume the natural posture and make proper use of their arms and limbs, which so many of our best scholars feel in their public appearances to be inconvenient appendages. It should seek specially to stimulate and strengthen, by exercising, the intellectual powers: such as the generalizing or classifying by which we arrange the objects which present themselves into group, ordinate and coördinate; and the abstracting, analyzing capacities, by which we reduce the complexities of nature to a few comprehensible and manageable elements; and the reasoning, by which we rise from the known and the present to the unknown and remote. The studies of an educational institution should be organized towards this end, and all its apparatus of languages, sciences, physical and mental, and mathematical exercises should be means to accomplish it.

But then man has other endowments than the understanding in the narrow sense of the term: he has a fancy capable of presenting brighter pictures than any reality, an imagination which will not be confined within the limits of time and this world, a taste and a sensibility which can appreciate beauty and sublimity in earth and sky; and these ought to be called forth and cultivated in our academic groves by youth being made to know and led to relish our finest literature, ancient and modern, in prose and poetry; I add — though, in doing so, I may seem to be placing the ideal too high — by having museums and art-galleries, the means of displaying the æsthetic qualities of the creature, inanimate and animate, in art and nature. Our academic institutions, which are to fashion the ruling minds of the country, are never to forget that man has high emotional susceptibilities, which should

be evoked by narratives, by eloquence, by incidents presented in history, in literature, in art ; and that, as the crown upon his brow placed there by his Maker, he has a moral and spiritual nature, which is to be developed and purified by the contemplation of a holy law, and of a holy God embodying that law, and of a God incarnate with human sympathies inducing us to draw nigh when we should be driven back by a consciousness of guilt on the one hand, and a view of the dazzling purity of the Fountain of Light on the other.

Now, at this entrance examination every study seeking admission into the curriculum of a school or college should be made to appear. In order to matriculation it must show that it is fitted to refine and enlarge the noble powers which God has given us. In accomplishing this end I am prepared to vindicate the high place which has been allotted to languages in all the famous colleges of the old world and the new, though I cannot defend the exclusive place which has been given them in some. Without entering upon the psychological question whether the power of thinking by means of symbols be or be not an original faculty of the mind, or the physiological one whether its seat, as M. Broca maintains he has proven, be in the posterior part of the third frontal convolution of the left anterior lobe of the brain, I am prepared to maintain that it is a natural gift, early appearing and strong in youth. You see it in the young child acquiring its language spontaneously, and delighting to ring its vocables the live-long day ; in the boy of nine or ten years old learning Latin — when he could not master a science — quite as quickly as the man of mature age. In the systematic training of the mind we should not set ourselves against, but rather fall in with, this

natural tendency and facility. Boys can acquire a language when they are not able to wrestle with any other severe study ; and why should they not be employed in what they are capable of doing ?

There are persons forever telling us that children should be taught to attend to " things " rather than " words." But words are things having an important place in our bodily organization and mental constitution, in both of which the power of speech is one of the qualities that raise us above the brutes. And, then, it can be shown that it is mainly by language that we come to a knowledge of things. This arises not only from the circumstance that we get by far the greater part of our knowledge from our fellow-men through speech and writing, but because it is, in a great measure, by words that we are induced, nay, compelled to observe, to compare, to abstract, to analyze, to classify, to reason. How little can we know of things without language ? How little do deaf mutes know till they are taught the use of signs ! I have known some of them considerably advanced in life who not only did not know that the soul was immortal, but even that the body was mortal. Children obtain by far the larger part of their information from parents, brothers, sisters, nurses, teachers, companions, and fellow-men generally, and this comes by speech and writing. But this is, after all, the least part of the benefit thus derived ; it is in understanding and using intelligently words and sentences that children are first led to notice particularly things and their properties, to perceive their resemblances and discern their differences. Nature presents us only with particulars, which, as Plato remarked long ago, are infinite and therefore confusing ; and the language formed by our fore-

fathers and inherited by us puts them into intelligible groups for us. Nature shows us only concretes, that is, objects with their varied qualities, that is, with complexities beyond the penetration of children; and language makes them intelligible by separating the parts and calling attention to common qualities. Nouns, verbs, adjectives, conjunctions, and other parts of speech in a cultivated tongue introduce us to things as men have thought about them in the use of their faculties and combined them for general and for special purposes, primarily, no doubt, for their own use and advantage, but turning out to be a valuable inheritance to their children, who get access to things with the thought of ages superinduced upon them, as it were, set in a frame-work for us that we may study them more readily. In the phrases of a civilized tongue we have a set of discriminations and comparisons spontaneously fashioned by our ancestors, often more fresh and subtle, always more immediately and practically useful, than those of the most advanced science. Then, a new language introduces us to new generalizations and new abstractions made, it may be, by a people of a different genius and differently situated, and thus widens and varies our view of things, and saves us from being the slaves of our own tongue, saves us, in fact, from putting words for things, putting counters for money (as Hobbes says), which we should be apt to do if we knew only one word for the thing. Charles V. uttered a deep truth, whether he understood it or not, when he said that a man was as many times a man as he acquired a new tongue. Then, on learning a language grammatically, whether our own or another, we have to learn or gather rules and judiciously apply them, to see the rule in the example

and collect the rule out of the example ; and in all this the more elementary intellectual powers, not only the memory, but the apprehension and quickness of perception and discernment, are quite as effectually called forth and disciplined as by any other study in which the youthful mind is capacitated to engage.

I have been struggling to give expression in a few sentences to thoughts which it would require a whole lecture fully to unfold. Such considerations seem to me to prove that we should continue to give to language an important — I do not say an exclusive — place in our academies and the younger collegiate classes. Among languages a choice must be made, and there are three which have such claims that every student should be instructed in them ; and there are others which have claims on those who have special aptitudes and destinations in life. There is the Latin, important in itself and from the part which it has played in history. It has an educational value from the breadth, regularity, and logical accuracy of its structure, giving us a perfect grammar, with its clear expression and its stately methodical march, like that of a Roman army. It is of vast value from its literature, second only to that of Greece in the old and to that of England and Germany in modern times, and a model still to be looked to by England and by Germany if they would make progress in the future as they have done in the past. Besides its intrinsic worth, it has historical value as the mother of other European languages, as the Italian, the French, the Spanish, the Portuguese, to all of which it is the best introduction ; and as the venerated grandmother of our own tongue, telling us of its descent, its lineage, and its history ; as the transmitter — let us not forget — of ancient and

Eastern learning to modern times and Western countries ; and as the common language for ages on literature and philosophy, in law and theology, and thus containing treasures to which every educated man requires some time or other to have access.

Then there is the Greek, the most subtle, delicate, and expressive of all old languages, embodying the fresh thoughts of the most intellectual people of the ancient world, and containing a literature which is unsurpassed, perhaps not equalled, for the liveliness, purity, and grace, of its poetry, and for the combined firmness and flexibility of its prose, as seen, for instance, in Plato, who can mount to the highest sublimities and descend to the lowest familiarities without falling — like the elephant's trunk, equally fitted to tear an oak or lift a leaf. And it is never to be forgotten that it is the language of the New Testament in which our religion is embodied. Luther said : "If we do not keep up the tongues we will not keep up the gospel ;" and so the stream is still to be encouraged to flow on if we would keep up the connection between Christianity and its fountains.

A nation studiously giving up the study of these tongues would be virtually cut off from the past, and would be apt to become stagnant, like a pool into which no streams flow and from which none issue, instead of a lake receiving pure waters from above and giving them out below. These languages differ widely from ours ; but just because they do so they serve a good purpose, letting us into a different order and style of thought, less analytic, more synthetic, as it is commonly expressed, more concrete, as I express it, — that is, introducing us to things as they are, and in their natural connection. True, they are *dead*

languages ; but then just because they are so we can get a completed biography of them ; and as we dissect them they lie passive, like bodies under the knife of the anatomist. As Hobbes puts it, "They have put off flesh and blood to put on immortality." They are dead, and yet they live ; living in the works which have been written in them, with their diversity of knowledge ; living specially in their literature, which is imperishable ; while for fitness of phrase, brevity, clearness, directness, and severity they are models for all ages, bringing us back to simplicity when we would err by extravagance, and to be specially studied by the rising generation of our time, when there is so much looseness and inflation, stump oratory and sensationalism. It would be difficult to define, but we all know, or at least feel, what is meant by a classical taste ; there are persons who acquire its chaste color spontaneously, as the Greeks and Romans must have done ; but in fact it has been mainly fostered by living and breathing in the atmosphere of ancient Greece and Rome ; and our youths may acquire it most readily by travelling in the same region where the air is ever pure and fresh. I believe that our language and literature will run a great risk of hopelessly degenerating if we are not ever restrained and corrected, while we are enlivened and refreshed, by these faultless models.

There are other tongues which have a claim on educated men, such as the French, with its delicate conversational idiom and the abstract clearness, amounting to transparency, of its prose ; and the German, with its profound common sense and its grand literature, worthy of being placed alongside that of ancient Greece and Rome, and excelling it in the revelation

which it gives of the depths of human nature. I am inclined to think that either or both of these should have places in the courses of our academies and colleges, provided always that they be taught as Greek and Latin are, as branches of learning, taught philologically, taught so as to illustrate character and history, and, above all, so as to lead us to appreciate their literature.

But prior to all these and posterior to them, above them all and below them all, is a tongue with an imperative claim upon us, and that is our own language, the tongue of the mother of us all — Great Britain and her colonies — and the language of her eldest daughter, which should acknowledge her inferiority only in this that she is the daughter and the other the mother. It has a claim on our love and esteem because it is our own tongue, which we learned at our mother's knees, that with which we are and ever must be most familiar, and which comes home most closely to our hearts; because it is in itself a noble language, with roots simple and concrete, striking deep into home and heart experience, and grafted on these from foreign stocks for reflective and scientific use; because it has been enriched by the ideas and fancies, the comparisons and metaphors, of men profound in thought and fertile in imagination; and yet more because of its manly and massive, its rich and varied literature, prose and poetry, revolving round themes which it never entered into the heart of Greek or Roman to conceive. If a Briton or an American can study only one language, let it be the English. A college youth's education is incomplete, though he should know all other tongues, if he be ignorant of the genius and literature of his own. There should, I hold,

be special classes for the English language and literature, with competent professors in every academy and college of every English-speaking country. But in order that English have a place in an educational institution, it must fall in with the spirit of the place and conform to its laws ; it must be taught as a branch of learning, as a branch of science (*wissenschaftlich*) ; it must be bared up to its roots ; it must be studied in its formation, growth, and historical development, and, above all, it must be taught so as to give a relish for its noblest works in all departments, and thus secure in the training of our young men that it has a literature in the future not unworthy of its literature in the past.

But are we, you ask, to leave out science from the curriculum ? So far from it, I place science higher than language and equal to literature. But let every study come at its proper time, at the time when the mind is able to take up and understand it. The boy or the girl might begin to learn a foreign tongue, say Latin or French, about the age of nine or ten, the lessons always being short, simple, and easy, and not straining the intellect. Geography and arithmetic, which are, in fact, elementary sciences, might begin earlier, at eight, or even seven, and might be taught so as to become interesting. Mathematics, with the great majority of boys, should not be entered upon till the understanding is more matured, and the brain, as the organ of the mind, consolidated. About the same time simple natural science might be commenced, with enjoyment attached to it. By this time the observing powers are ready, often eager, to work. It is better they should be employed in operations that may be profitable as well as pleasant, say in gathering plants

or minerals, or in observing the form and figures of animals. Simple physical or chemical experiments may be performed to train to manipulation and to mental analysis, that is, to find out what things are composed of. These operations might be made partly an amusement, but really a means of exercising the observing and calling forth the reflecting powers. Pains must be taken never to make the teaching a mere mass of details — exercising only the memory and thereby overloading it and surfeiting it, and producing a disgust which tempts the boy ever after to turn away from the study. The youth should be carried on in science only so far as he understands it. Abstract science, dealing with laws and formulas and high generalizations, should be reserved for the later years of school-life, and be so taught as to allure boys on to college, to carry on what they have begun.

It is to be freely and fully admitted that it is not possible to make every member of an academy or college a great classical scholar or a great mathematician, nor to make every student keep up his studies all his life. But is the benefit derived from the training thereby and therefore lost? I hold that if the branches have been taught honestly and effectively, they have so far fulfilled their purpose, even though they have not been carried out as far and as long as we could wish. For another department of training it is good for the boy to practise gymnastics, and he may derive benefit all his life from the habit of body imparted, even though he does not continue to run and leap and swing clubs. The good I get from my food may continue for hours, even though I am not always eating. The health I derive from a pedestrian tour may last for months, though my life during that time may be

very much in-doors. So the training of a boy may continue in its effect, even though he is not engaged in the same exercises as he was at school or college.

But it is said, why drill young men in Greek when so many forget it after they leave college? The frank and honest gentleman who turns away from Greek as from a fetish tells us that he has lost his knowledge of that tongue. I am tempted to say the more is the pity; but I have to add that I am not sure whether he did not get from the literature of Greece some stimulus and guidance in the formation of that clear and incisive style of which he is such a master. And is it not true of other branches, as well as Greek, that they are apt to be dropped? How few pursue mathematics after they leave the college, and yet that lawyer got from his geometry that consecutive mode of thinking which makes his papers and speeches so valued! Only a few practise physical and chemical experiments through life, and yet that busy man retains from his youthful science a knowledge and a shrewdness which makes him succeed in business. That preacher has given up reading Plato and Cicero, perhaps even Shakespeare and Milton, but he has a style which was formed on the model of these great authors. Whence, it is asked, come these well-waters which do so refresh us? I answer, from the soil and the rains of heaven, which have been penetrating it, and which are ready to burst forth anywhere. Whence, people ask, comes that flow of conversation, of writing, of eloquence, for which some are distinguished, and which makes us almost envy them? Whether they know it or not, it was caught from that early instruction which they received from living teachers. Whence that consecutive thought which

traces effects to causes, and follows causes on to consequences? It was obtained by that training in mathematical and physical science which they studied in the opening years of their life.

But while mature men cannot keep all the studies of their youth in their busy after-life they should continue some of them: say, those they have a taste for, natural or acquired, those that may assist them in their business, or those which they have a convenient means of pursuing. Teachers should labor so to impart knowledge that it leaves a taste and relish on the palate, and so that the pupils delight to return to it. In teaching languages, ancient or modern, school and college should combine to carry on the pupil to such a stage that he can read an ordinary work in the tongue *ad aperturam libri*; without this he will be apt never to go back to his studies, and may come to look upon them with aversion, as associated with drudgery. The busiest man may find relief from the burden and pressure of the day by pleasant and profitable reading, in the evening, of the best authors in history or biography, in poetry or in politics. He may make a collection of plants or of minerals in summer, and in winter use a microscope or small telescope, or a well-selected apparatus for experiments. In these ways he may make life more varied and happier than by having his whole time and life absorbed in business. The benefit of his youthful studies may thus be prolonged into mature manhood and old age.

In this country we have no aristocracy, I mean landed aristocracy, such as they have in the old nations of Europe. These aristocracies, when they are not immoral, which, however, they not unfrequently are, serve a high purpose; they may so far have a re-

fining influence upon the manners and tastes of society generally. But we cannot have such an order in our country, and I, for my part, scarcely regret it; for with the good there were incidental evils, there being no security that there is a high moral tone in such a circle. Of late years there has sprung up in America an aristocracy of wealth which is partly for good and partly for evil, like the hereditary nobility of Europe. The members of it can afford to give large gifts for philanthropic objects; and I am in a position to testify that many of them do so, and their wealth is in many cases devoted to the erection of churches, colleges, and schools, to the purchase of fine buildings, of statues and paintings, and the encouragement thereby of the fine arts. But in many other cases the expenditure is vulgar in the extreme, at times debasing and demoralizing, fostering low tastes and leading to corrupting practices.

But it is of importance in every country to have an upper class. These should rise like towers and steeples in our towns and villages, like mountains overtopping the plains, imparting picturesqueness to the scenery, preserving it in the fancy, and enabling us to remember it. First, and in front, we should seek to have a high-toned moral and religious class spread throughout the community like salt to keep it from corruption. This, under God, is to be the safeguard to our homes and to the country generally. But we need an aristocracy for other and noble ends. We must have a highly educated class, trained at our upper schools and colleges, and diffusing everywhere an elevating influence. These men, it is true, are tempted at times to despise the maxim of Bacon, who says that a man can enter the kingdom of nature only

as he enters the kingdom of grace, by becoming a little child; and falling under the pride of intellect, which may be as bad as the pride of life, they may become self-righteous, haughty, and supercilious. But retaining, as most will, the true spirit of science and of learning, they will be ready in their localities to make provision for every good cause, fitted to educate the young and exalt the tastes of the people by means of science, of literature, and art. These men will give the tone to society in their districts, and keep it from being corrupted by wealth when it would foster extravagance in living, intemperance, and loose morality. This is an end, I had almost said the chief end and final cause, of these fine old academies in New England, and of the colleges and universities spread all over the country.

SOCIALISM.¹

By J. Walker
A. W. Walker

THREE words have, of recent years, become very familiar, and yet not of less and less, but of more and more, formidable sound to the good and quiet citizens of America and of Western Europe.

These words are: Nihilism, Communism, Socialism.

Nihilism, so far as one can find out, expresses rather a method, or a means, than an end. It is difficult to say just what Nihilism does imply. So much appears reasonably certain — that the primary object of the Nihilists is destruction; that the abolition of the existing order, not the construction of a new order, is in their view; that, whatever their ulterior designs, or whether or no they have any ultimate purpose in which they are all or generally agreed, the one object which now draws and holds them together, in spite of all the terrors of arbitrary power, is the abolition, not only of all existing governments, but of all political estates, all institutions, all privileges, all forms of authority; and that to this is postponed whatever plans, purposes, or

¹ After the delivery of this lecture, President Walker, at the request of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, prepared especially for them an article on the same subject for the first number of their new magazine, which embodied essentially all that was said at Exeter, with much additional matter in the way of illustration, definition, etc. By their and his kind permission this article is here reprinted.

wishes the confederation, or its members individually, may cherish concerning the reorganization of society.¹

Confining ourselves, then, to the contemplation of Socialism and Communism, let us inquire what are the distinctive features of each.

Were one disposed to be hypercritical and harsh in dealing with the efforts of well-meaning men to express views and feelings which, in their nature, must be very vague, he might make this chapter as brief as that famous chapter devoted to the snakes of Ireland — “There are no snakes in Ireland.” So one might, with no more of unfairness than often enters into political, sociological, or economic controversy, say that there are no features proper to Communism as sought to be distinguished from Socialism; no features proper to Socialism as sought to be distinguished from Communism.

If, however, one will examine the literature of the subject, not for the purpose of obtaining an advantage in controversy, or of finding phrases with which malice or contempt may point its weapons, but in the interest of truth, and with the spirit of candor, he will not fail to apprehend that Communism and Socialism are different things, although at points one overlays the other in such a way as to introduce more or less of confusion into any statement regarding either.

May we not say?

1st. That Communism confines itself mainly, if not exclusively, to the one subject matter — wealth. On the other hand, Socialism, conspicuously, in all its

¹ M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, in an essay on Nihilism, says: “Under its standard we find revolutionists of all kinds, — authoritarians, federalists, mutualists, and communists, — who agree only in postponing, till after their triumph shall be secured, all discussion of a future organization of the world.”

manifestations, in all lands where it has appeared, asserts its claim to control every interest of human society, to enlist for its purposes every form of energy.

2d. That so far as wealth becomes the subject matter of both Communism, on the one hand, and of Socialism, on the other, we note a difference of treatment. Communism, in general, regards wealth as produced, and confines itself to effecting an equal, or what it esteems an equitable, distribution.

Socialism, on the other hand, gives its first and chief attention to the production of wealth ; and, passing lightly over the question of distribution, with or without assent to the doctrine of an equal distribution among producers, it asserts the right to inquire into and control the consumption of wealth for the general good, whether through sumptuary laws and regulations, or through taxation for public expenditure.

3d. That Communism is essentially negative, confined to the prohibition that one shall not have more than another. Socialism is positive and aggressive, declaring that each man should have enough.

It purposes to introduce new forces into society and industry ; to put a stop to the idleness, the waste of resources, the misdirection of force, inseparable, in some large proportion of instances, from individual initiative ; and to drive the whole mass forward in the direction determined by the intelligence of its better half.

4th. While Communism might conceivably be established upon the largest scale, and has in a hundred experiments been upon a small scale established by voluntary consent, Socialism begins with the use of the powers of the state, and proceeds and operates through them alone. It is by the force of law that

the Socialist purposes to whip up the laggards and the delinquents in the social and industrial order. It is by the public treasurer, armed with powers of assessment and sale, that he plans to gather the means for carrying on enterprises to which individual resources would be inadequate. It is through penalties that he would check wasteful or mischievous expenditures.

If what has been said above would be found true were one studying Communism and Socialism as a philosophical critic, much more important will be the distinction between them to the eye of the politician or the statesman. Communism is, if not moribund, at the best everywhere at a stand-still, generally on the wane ; nor does it show any sign of returning vitality. On the other hand, Socialism was never more full of lusty vigor, more rich in the promise of things to come, than now.

Let us, then, confine ourselves to Socialism as our theme, the purpose being not so much to discuss as to define, characterize, and illustrate it.

A definition of Socialism presents peculiar difficulties.¹ The question, Socialism or non-Socialism ? regarding any measure ; Socialist or non-Socialist ? regarding any man, is a question of degree rather than of kind. Let us, then, undertake to distinguish that quality which, when found above a certain degree, justifies and requires the application of these epithets — Socialism and Socialist.

I should apply the term socialistic to all efforts, under popular impulse, to enlarge the functions of government, to the diminution of individual initiative

¹ “ I have never met with a clear definition, or even a precise description of the term.” — *The Socialism of our Day*, Émile de Laveleye.

and enterprise, for a supposed public good. It will be observed that by this definition it is made of the essence of socialistic efforts, that they should arise from popular impulse and should seek a public good. This, it will be seen, makes the motive and the objective alike part of the character of the act — say a legislative measure — equally with the positive provisions thereof.

“To enlarge the functions of government.” It may be asked, To enlarge them beyond what starting-point or line? in excess of what initial dimensions? Herein lies the main difficulty of the subject; hence arises the chief danger of misunderstanding between the writer and his reader; and it is probably to the lack of a standard measure adopted for the purpose of this discussion that we are to attribute, more than to any other cause, the vague and unsatisfactory character of the critical literature of Socialism. As you change your starting-point in this matter of the nature and extent of government function, the same act may, in turn, come to appear socialistic, conservative, or reactionary.

A person considering the direction and force of socialistic tendencies may take, to start from, any one of an indefinite number of successive lines; of which, however, the three following are alone worth indicating:

1st. He may take a certain maximum of government functions, to be fixed by the general consent of fairly conservative, not reactionary, publicists and statesmen: adopting, perhaps, the largest *quantum* which any two or three writers, reputed sound, would agree to concede as consistent with wholesome administration, with the full play and due encouragement of individual enterprise and self-reliance, and with the reasonable exercise of personal choices as to modes of life and modes

of labor ; and may identify any act or measure, proposed or accomplished, as socialistic if, under popular impulse, for a supposed public good, it transcends that line.

2d. He may take a certain minimum of government functions, which we may call the police powers.

3d. He may draw his pen along the boundary of the powers of government as now existing and exercised, perhaps in his own country, perhaps in that foreign country which he regards as the proper subject of admiration and imitation in the respect under consideration.

There is a certain advantage, as some people would esteem it, in adopting the first or the third method of determining the initial line for the purposes of such a discussion. That advantage is found in the fact that the conservative writer, placing himself on the actual or on the theoretical maximum of government functions, can treat as a public enemy every person who proposes that this line shall be overpassed ; and can employ the term socialistic as one of rebuke, reproach, or contempt, according to his own temper. The line thus taken becomes the dividing line between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, making it easy to mark and to punish the slightest deviation.

On the other hand, he who takes as his initial line the minimum of government functions, which may, in severe strictness, be called the police powers, and regards all acts and measures enlarging the functions of government beyond this line as more or less socialistic, according as they transcend it by a longer or a shorter distance, under a stronger or a weaker impulse, cannot use that term as one of contumely or contempt, inasmuch as in every civilized country the functions of

government have been pushed beyond the mere police powers.

For one, I prefer to take the line of the strict police powers of government as that from which to measure the force and direction of the socialistic movement, even if it is thereby rendered necessary to forego the great controversial advantage and the keen personal pleasure of hurling the word Socialist, in an opprobrious sense, at the head of any one who would go farther in the extension of government functions than my own judgment would approve ; nay, even if I shall thereby be put to the trouble of examining any proposed act or measure, on the ground of its own merits, in view of the reasons adduced in its favor, and under the light of experience.

In this sense the advocacy of a socialistic act or measure will not necessarily characterize a Socialist. Socialism will mean, not one, but many things socialistic. Thus, for example, protection is socialistic. Yet the protectionist is not, as such, a Socialist. Most protectionists are not Socialists. Many protectionists are, in their general views, as anti-socialistic as men can well be.

The Socialist, under this definition, would be the man who, in general, distrusts the effects of individual initiative and individual enterprise ; who is easily convinced of the utility of an assumption, by the state, of functions which have hitherto been left to personal choices and personal aims ; and who, in fact, supports and advocates many and large schemes of this character.

A man of whom all this could be said might, in strict justice, be termed a Socialist. The extreme Socialist is he who would make the state all in all, in-

dividual initiative and enterprise disappearing in that engrossing democracy of labor to which he aspires. In his view, the powers and rights of the state represent the sum of all the powers and all the rights of the individuals who compose it; and government becomes the organ of society in respect to all its interests and all its acts. So much for the Socialist.

Socialism, under our definition, would be a term properly to be applied — (1) to the aggregate of many and large schemes of this nature, actually urged for present or early adoption; or (2) to a programme contemplated, at whatever distance, for the gradual replacement of private or public activity; or (3) to an observed movement or tendency, of a highly marked character, in the direction indicated.

Such would be the significance properly to be attributed to the terms Socialist and Socialism, consistently with the definition proposed to be given to the word socialistic, namely, that which causes government functions to transcend the line of the strictly police powers.

Even this line is not to be drawn with exactitude and assurance, though it is much more plain to view than either of the other two lines which, we said, might be taken for the purposes of the present discussion. The police powers embrace, of course, all that is necessary to keep people from picking each other's pockets and cutting each other's throats, including, alike, punitive and preventive measures. They embrace, also, the adjudication and collection of debts, inasmuch as, otherwise, men must be suffered to claim and seize their own, which would lead to incessant breaches of the peace. They embrace, also, the punishment of slander and libel, since, otherwise, individuals must be

left to vindicate themselves by assault or homicide. Whether we will or no, we must also admit the war power among those necessarily inherent in government.

Is this all which is included in the police powers? There are several other functions for the assumption of which by the state the preservation of life and liberty, the protection of property, and the prevention of crime are either cause or excuse.

Foremost among these is the care and maintenance of religious worship. It is not meant, that in all or most countries the justification for the exercise of ghostly functions by the state is found in the utility of religious observances and services in repressing violence and crime. But in the countries farthest advanced politically, the notion that the ruler has any divine commission to direct or sustain religious services and observances is practically obsolete; and, so far as this function is still performed, it is covered by the plea which has been expressed. Eminently is this true of France, England, and the United States. Few publicists, in these countries, would presume to defend the foundation of a state religion, *de novo*, as in the interest of religion itself. So far as the maintenance of existing establishments is defended, it is upon the ground that violence, disorder, and crime are thereby diminished.

Take the United States, for instance, where the only survival of a state religion is found in the exemption of ecclesiastical property from taxation, equivalent to a subsidy of many millions annually. Here we find this policy defended on the ground that this constitutes one of the most effective means at the command of the state as conservator of the peace. It is claimed that the services of this agent are worth to government more

than the taxes which the treasury might otherwise collect from the smaller number of churches and missions which would survive the assessment of the ordinary taxes; and that the remaining taxpayers really pay less, by reason of the reduction in violence and crime hereby effected.

Now, in so far as this plea is a genuine one, it removes the exemption of church property from the class of socialistic measures. The prevention of violence and crime is the proper function of the state, according to the lowest view that can be taken of it; and if a certain amount of encouragement and assistance is extended to religious bodies and establishments genuinely in this interest, no invasion of individual initiative and enterprise can properly be complained of.

Another and apparently a closely related instance of the extension of state functions is found in the promotion of popular education, either through the requirement of the attendance of pupils, or through provisions for the public support of schools, or through both these means.

Now, here we reach an instance of an impulse almost purely socialistic for the enlargement of the functions of the state. It is true that the plea of a service to government, in the way of reducing violence and crime through the influence of the public schools, is often urged on this behalf; but I, for one, do not believe that this was the real consideration and motive which in any instance ever actually led to the establishment of the system of instruction under public authority, or which in any land supports public instruction now. Indeed, the immediate effects of popular instruction in reducing crime are even in dispute.

In all its stages this movement has been purely

socialistic in character, springing out of a conviction that the state would be stronger and the individual members of the state would be richer and happier and better if power and discretion in this matter of the education of children were taken away from the family and lodged with the government.

Of course, it needs not to be said that this is a socialistic movement which deserves the heartiest approval. Not the less is it essentially of that nature, differing from a hundred other proposed acts and measures, which we should all reject with more or less of fear or horror, solely by reason of its individual merits as a scheme for accomplishing good, through state action, in a field properly pertaining to individual initiative and enterprise.

There is another important extension of state functions, very marked in recent times, for which a non-socialistic excuse might be trumped up, but for which the real reason was purely and simply socialistic. This is the construction and maintenance of bridges and roads at the public expense for public uses. One might, if disposed to argue uncandidly, adduce the military services rendered by the great Roman roads; and, thereupon, might pretend to believe that a corresponding motive has led to the assumption of this function by the state in modern times. The fact is, that until within seventy, fifty, or thirty years the bridges and roads of England and America remained, to an enormous extent, within the domain of individual initiative and enterprise. Even when the state assumed the responsibility, it was a recognized principle that the cost of construction and repair should be repaid by the members of the community in the proportions in which they severally took advantage of this provision.

The man who travelled much, paid much ; the man who travelled little, paid little ; the man who stayed at home, paid nothing.

The movement, beginning about seventy years ago, which has resulted in making free nearly all roads and bridges in the most progressive countries, was purely socialistic. It did not even seek to cover itself by claims that it would serve the police powers of the state. It was boldly and frankly admitted that the change from private to public management and maintenance was to be at the general expense for the general good.

Is there any other function arrogated by the state which may be claimed to be covered by the strict police powers ? I think that the repression of obtrusive immorality — that is, immorality of a gross nature which obtrudes itself upon the unwilling — may reasonably be classed as coming within the minimum of government function. Sights and sounds may constitute an assault as well as blows ; and it falls fairly within the right and duty of the state to protect the citizens from offences of this nature.

Have we now exhausted the catalogue of things which may be claimed to be covered by the police powers of the state ? I answer, No. One of the most important remains ; yet one of the last — indeed the very latest — to be recognized as possibly belonging to the state under any theory of government. I refer to what is embraced under the term sanitary inspection and regulation.

That it was not earlier recognized as the duty of the state to protect the common air and the common water from pollution and poisoning was due, not to any logical difficulty or to any troublesome theory regarding

governmental action, but solely to the fact that the chemistry of common life and the causation of zymotic diseases were of such late discovery. We now know that there is a far heavier assault than can be made with a bludgeon ; and that men may, in the broad daylight, deal each other typhus, diphtheria, or small-pox more murderously than ever a bravo dealt blows with a dagger under cover of darkness. Yet, so much more are men moved by tradition than by reason that we find intelligent citizens, who have swallowed the exemption of five hundred millions of church property from taxation, on the ground that a certain *quantum* of preaching will prevent a certain *quantum* of crime, have very serious doubts about the propriety of inspecting premises which can be smelled for half a mile, and whence death may be flowing four ways, as Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates parted from Eden and "became into four heads."

I do not mean to say that I should hesitate to approve of sanitary inspection and regulation, carried to their extremes, if they were as socialistic as anything ever dreamed of by Marx or Lassalle. For such good as I see coming from this source, in the reduction of vicious instincts and appetites, in the purification of the blood of the race, in the elimination of disease, I would, were it needful, join one of Fourier's "phalanxes," go to the barricades with Louis Blanc, or be sworn into a nihilistic circle. But in correct theory it is not necessary for the strictest adherent of the doctrine of limited powers to desert his principles in this matter. The protection of the common air and the common water comes within the police powers of the state by no forced construction, by no doubtful analogy.

Is there any important function remaining which may properly be classed among the purely police powers? I think not. Does some one say, you have not mentioned the care and support of the helpless poor? The experience of the Romans, and even the condition of the law of almost all countries of Europe in modern times, proves that this is not one of the necessary functions of a well-ordered state.

Is it said that Christian morality will not permit that the helpless poor shall suffer or, perhaps, starve? Whenever the state shall undertake to do all or any very considerable part of what Christian morality requires, it will become very socialistic indeed.

Having now beaten the bounds of the police powers, and having decided that all extension of government activity beyond those bounds is to be held and deemed socialistic, it is proposed to offer certain distinctions which appear important.

And, first, a measure is not necessarily of a strong socialistic savor merely because it implies a large, perhaps a vast, extension of the actual work of the state. Take, for example, the English government's acquisition of the telegraph lines, and its performance of the work connected therewith. This was not done under a socialistic impulse. In England the telegraph service has always been closely affiliated in the public mind with the postal service; and, consequently, when the former had come to be of sufficiently wide and general use to make it worth while for the state to assume the charge, it was done in the most matter-of-fact way. It was no more socialistic than the addition of a few thousands of new post-offices to the existing number would have been.

On the other hand, the assumption of a new service

by the state is not relieved from the charge of being socialistic, even grossly socialistic, by the fact that such a service is closely analogous to some other which all citizens have long agreed to place in the hands of government. Take, for example, the matter of "free ferries," which has been mooted in Boston and in New York, and doubtless elsewhere. This proposition has always been greeted by conservative men of all parties as highly and dangerously socialistic; and yet the analogy between free ferries and bridges free from toll is very strong. A ferry-boat is little other than a section of a bridge, cut away from moorings, and propelled backward and forward by steam; and it may conceivably cost less and create less disturbance to navigation to use the latter than the former means. For instance, it might cost two millions of dollars to throw an adequate bridge from Boston to East Boston, for the transit of passengers and freight. But suppose the point is raised that the bridge will interfere continually with the use of the harbor, to an extent involving immense losses to trade, and that the amount proposed to be expended upon the bridge would pay for the construction and operation of a line of ferry-boats. Is not the analogy close? And yet I agree with the objectors in this case, that the establishment of free ferries would be a long and dangerous step toward Socialism.

Even where the new function appears to be only the logical carrying out and legitimate consequence of another function well approved, there may be a step toward Socialism involved in such an extension of the state's activity and responsibility.

In illustration, I might mention the matter of free text-books in our public schools. Public provision for gratuitous elementary education, although manifestly

socialistic within our meaning of that term, has come to be fully accepted by nearly all citizens as right and desirable. In discharging this duty, the state, at immense expense, builds and furnishes school-houses, employs teachers and superintendents, buys supplies, and gives each boy or girl the use of a desk. Yet the proposition to make the use of text-books free, has met with violent opposition; has been defeated at many points; and wherever it has been carried, is still regarded by many judicious persons as a very dangerous innovation. Yet, as has been shown, this measure seems to be but the logical carrying out and legitimate consequence of a function already assumed by practically unanimous consent.

Still another distinction has become necessary of recent years, and that is between the assumption by the state of functions which would otherwise be performed wholly or mainly by individuals, and those which would otherwise be performed wholly or mainly by corporations. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the relation of the state to the corporation.

One further distinction it may be well to suggest — namely, that the vast importance, even the absolutely vital necessity, of a service, whether to the community at large or to the subsisting form of government, does not, by itself, constitute a reason for the performance of that function by the state. Let me illustrate. In his address, as President of the Association for the Advancement of Science, at Aberdeen, in 1859, Prince Albert said: “The state should recognize in science one of the elements of its strength and prosperity, to foster which the clearest dictates of self-interest demand.” Last year, Sir Lyon Playfair, in his address as President of the Association, quotes these words,

and enforces the same thought. Yet it does not follow, from the importance of science to the state, that science should be directly fostered or supported by government. It might conceivably be that science would do its work for the state better if the state itself did nothing for science, just as many persons who hold that religion is essential, not only to the peace and happiness of communities, but even to the existence of well-ordered governments, yet hold that the state can do nothing so beneficial to religion as to let it completely and severely alone.

Still another class of considerations must be borne in mind in measuring the extent of the socialistic advance involved in any given extension of the functions of government. These are considerations which arise out of the peculiar genius of a people, politically, socially, industrially. A certain act or measure which would be a monstrous invasion of personal liberty and individual activity in one country would be the merest matter of course in another. The natural aptitudes, the prevailing sentiments, the institutions, great and small, the political and economic history of a nation, have all to be taken into account in deciding how far an extension of the powers of government in a given direction indicates socialistic progress.

Yet, while this is true, there will be observed some very strange contradictions in the adoption, in certain countries, of principles of legislation and administration which cross, in an unaccountable way, the general spirit of their people.

Thus England, whose population is decidedly the most strongly anti-socialistic in the world, was for hundreds of years the only country in Europe in which was formally acknowledged the right, the complete

legal right, of any and every man to be supported by the state if he could not, or did not, find the means of his own subsistence.

From the foregoing definition and distinctions let us proceed briefly to characterize certain measures of a socialistic nature proposed or advocated by men who are not Socialists ; who neither avow nor would admit themselves to be such ; who, accepting, on the whole, the sufficiency of individual initiative and enterprise to achieve the good of society, have yet their scheme, or budget of schemes, for the general welfare, which would operate by restricting personal liberty and by substituting public for private activity. Time would not serve to canvass the merits or defects of these schemes as measures for accomplishing certain specific social objects. We can only dwell upon each, in turn, long enough to indicate its individual character as more or less socialistic.

1st. The most familiar of schemes for promoting the general welfare, by diminishing the scope of individual initiative and enterprise, is that known by the name of protection to local or, as it is in any locality called, native industry.

Protectionism is nothing if not socialistic. It proposes, in the public interest, to modify the natural course of trade and production, and to do this by depriving the citizen of his privilege of buying in the cheapest market. Yet the protectionist is not, therefore, to be called a Socialist, since the Socialist would not only have the state determine what shall be produced, but he would have the state itself undertake the work of production. It is not my purpose to discuss protection as a scheme for accomplishing its professed object. Indeed, I should have had occasion to

bestow upon it but a single word, merely to characterize it as a socialistic measure, were it not for the conviction that the forces of the age are tending strongly in this direction. In my judgment we are on the eve of a great protectionist agitation.

And the demand for the so-called protection of native industry is to be a popular one, in a degree never before known. In England the restrictive system of the earlier period had been imposed by privileged classes, and was broken down by a truly popular uprising. In the United States the history of the restrictive system has been different. My esteemed friend, Professor Sumner, took the platform, three years ago, with the avowed purpose of attacking protectionism, no longer as inexpedient, but as immoral; and he proceeded, with a vigor which no other writer or speaker on applied economics in this country has at command, to stigmatize the forces which have initiated and directed our tariff legislation as all selfish and false and bad. Now, I can't go with Professor Sumner in this. Fully recognizing that our successive tariffs have largely been shaped by class or sectional interests, with, at times, an obtrusion of mean motives which were simply disgusting, as in 1828, I am yet constrained to believe that the main force which has impelled Congress to tariff legislation has been a sincere, if mistaken, conviction that the general good would thereby be promoted. Yet, after all, it has been the employing, not the laboring, class which has conducted the legislation, maintained the correspondence, set up the newspapers, paid the lobby, in the tariff contests of the past.

The peculiarity of the new movement is, that it is to owe its initiative and its main impulse to the laboring class.

What strikes me as most important, with regard to the future, is the consideration that, while protectionism is to become a dogma and a fighting demand of the out-and-out Socialists everywhere, it would be in a consummated system of protection that the rampant, aggressive, and destructive Socialism, which is such an object of terror to many minds, would find an insurmountable barrier. Socialism can never be all we dread unless it become international; but the consummation of protectionism is the destruction of internationalism.

2d. Another threatened invasion of the field of industrial initiative and enterprise is through laws affecting labor, additional to the body of factory legislation now generally accepted.

There is not a feature in the existing body of factory legislation in England which owes its introduction to political forces set in motion by mill and factory operatives. Even in the United States, except solely in the instance of that piece of wretched demagogism known as the Eight Hour Law, passed by Congress without any intention that it should be enforced, our labor legislation has not, in general, been due to the efforts of the operative classes as such, but to the general conviction of the public mind that so much, at least, was fair and just and wise. The labor legislation now impending is not intended to abide the decision of an impartial jury. It is asserted by those who claim especially to represent the interests of labor, that their class are about to undertake to carry, by sheer weight of numbers, measures to few of which could they hope to obtain the assent of the disinterested portion of the community.

Surely, we have here a very grave situation. It may

be that the power of wealth and trained intellect, superior dialectical ability, the force of political and parliamentary tactics, with the conservative influence of the agricultural interest, would, in any case, defeat legislation hostile to the so-called interests of capital. Doubtless, too, we of the class who are disposed to maintain the status underrate the moderation, self-control, and fairness likely to be exercised by the body of laborers. Yet it is not easy to rid one's self of the apprehension that this new species of socialistic legislation will be carried so far, at least under the first enthusiasm of newly acquired power, as seriously to cripple the industrial system. He must be a confirmed pessimist who doubts that, sooner or later, after however much of misadventure and disaster, a *modus vivendi* will be established, which will allow the employing class to reassume and reassert something like their pristine authority over production — unless, indeed, this harassment of the employer is to be used as a means of bringing in the *régime* of coöperation, so ardently desired by many economists and philanthropists as the ideal industrial system.

If this is to be so, there will not be lacking a flavor of poetic justice, so far as the American manufacturer is concerned.

The advocate of coöperation, appealing to the admittedly vast advantages which would attend the successful establishment of the scheme of industrial partnership, might say that thus far coöperative enterprises have not succeeded because, with small means, they have had their experiments to make, their men to test and to train, their system to create. Let us, he would continue, handicap the long-established, highly organized, well-officered, rich and powerful *en-*

trepreneur system, so that vast bodies of goods, made with the highest advantages from wealth, capital, and organization, may not be poured out upon the market in floods, to sweep away the feeble structures of newly undertaken coöperative enterprises. Let the community consent, for the general good, to pay a somewhat higher price, as the consideration for the establishment of a system which will, in the result, not only secure a larger creation of wealth, but will settle the questions of distribution, promote good citizenship, and forever banish the spectre of Socialism from the world !

3d. Other measures of a socialistic nature, strongly urged at the present time, have in view the control by government of the ways and agencies of transportation and communication. All over Europe the telegraph service has been assumed by the state ; and, to a large extent, the railroads also have come under government ownership or management. In some degree this has been due to the suggestions and promptings of military ambition, but in a larger degree, probably, it expresses the conviction that all railroad service “tends to monopoly ;” and that, therefore, alike fiscal and military reasons and the general interest unite in dictating that the monopolists shall be the state.

On the Continent of Europe the state’s acquisition of these agencies of transport, so far as it has gone, has not been due to popular impulse ; the management of the roads so acquired has suited well the bureaucratic form of government, while the thoroughness and efficiency of the civil service has, in the main, secured good administration.

Here or in England, on the other hand, such an extension of the powers of the state would have a very different significance, a significance most portentous

and threatening ; while even the regulation of railroad management, except through the establishment of effective and summary tribunals for the correction of manifest and almost uncontested abuses, would, according to my individual judgment, be highly prejudicial, and even pernicious, upon anything resembling our present political system.

4th. Still another suggestive enlargement of public activity is in the direction of exercising an especial oversight and control over industrial corporations, as such.

The economic character of the industrial corporation very much needs analysis and elucidation. A work on this subject is a desideratum in political economy. So little has the economic character of this agent been dwelt upon, that we find reviews and journals of pretension, and professional economists in college chairs, speaking of legislation in regulation of such bodies as in violation of the principle of *laissez faire*. But the very institution of the industrial corporation is for the purpose of avoiding that primary condition upon which alone true and effective competition can exist.

Perfect competition, in the sense of the economist, assumes that every person, in his place in the industrial order, acts by himself, for himself, alone ; that whatever he does is done on his own instance, for his own interest. Combination, concert, cohesion, act directly in contravention of competition.

Now, combination will enter, more or less, to affect the actions of men in respect to wealth. But such combinations are always subject to dissolution, by reason of antagonisms developed, suspicions aroused, separate interests appearing ; and the expectation of such dissolution attaches to them from their formation.

The cohesion excited, as between the particles of the economic mass which the theory of competition assumes to be absolutely free from affiliations and attractions, is certain to be shifting and transitory. The corporation, on the other hand, implies the imposition of a common rule upon a mass of capital which would otherwise be in many hands, subject to the impulses of individual owners. But it is because the hand into which these masses of capital are gathered is a *dead hand* that the deepest injury is wrought to competition.

The greatest fact in regard to human effort and enterprise is the constant imminence of disability and death. So great is the importance of this condition, that it goes far to bring all men to a level in their actions as industrial agents. The man of immense wealth has no such superiority over the man of moderate fortune as would be indicated by the proportion of their respective possessions. To these unequals is to be added one vast common sum, which mightily reduces the ratio of that inequality. The railroad magnate, master of a hundred millions, leaning forward in his eagerness to complete some new combination, falls without a sign, without a groan; his work forever incomplete; his schemes rudely broken; and at once the fountain of his great fortune parts into many heads, and his gathered wealth flows away in numerous streams. No man can buy with money, or obtain for love, the assurance of one hour's persistence in his chosen work, in his dearest purpose. Here enters the state and creates an artificial person, whose powers do not decay with years; whose hand never shakes with palsy, never grows senseless and still in death; whose estate is never to be distributed; whose plans can be pursued through successive generations of mortal men.

I do not say that the services which corporations render do not afford an ample justification for this invasion of the field of private activity. I am far from saying that, whatever injuries one might be disposed to attribute to the unequal competition between natural and artificial persons, thus engendered, the evil would be cured by state regulation and control. Government will never accomplish more than a part of the good it intends; and it will always, by its intervention, do a mischief which it does not intend. My sole object is to point out how deeply the industrial corporation violates the principle of competition, and how absurd it is to claim for it the protection of *laissez faire*.

5th. Another direction in which progress toward Socialism has been made, of late years, is in respect to the housing of the poor. In the first instance, and this was but a few years ago, the measures proposed to this end were covered by a plea which veiled its socialistic character. Here, it was said, is a railway entering a city. By authority of law it blazes its way over the ruins of hundreds of thousands of working-men's houses. At least let the government repair the wrong it has done! Let it put the working-men where they were before this exertion of authority! In like manner parks are created for the public good, narrow streets are widened into magnificent boulevards, always through the destruction of hundreds of humble homes. In like manner, again, the state, in a proper care for the life or health of its citizens, condemns certain dwellings as unsanitary, and orders them torn down. But what of the men, the women, and the children, who, with their scanty furniture and ragged bundles, crouch homeless on the sidewalk as the officers of the law do their work?

But the demand for the exertion of the powers and resources of the state in the housing of the poor has not stopped upon this initial line. The views of many persons of high intelligence, in no way Socialists, have advanced, during a few years of discussion, to the conviction that the state has a large and positive part to perform in respect to the habitation of its citizens. It is not in contemplation that the state shall build all the houses in the land ; nor, on the other hand, is provision for the pauper class at all in view. What is intended is, that the state shall set the standard for the minimum of house accommodation which is consistent with health and decency ; building houses enough to provide, in the simplest and cheapest manner, for all who cannot do better for themselves elsewhere ; and thereafter to wage relentless war on all “ shanties,” “ rookeries,” and “ beehives ” used for human habitation, to pull down all that stand, and to prevent the erection of any resembling them in the future.

Of course, the virtue of this scheme, from the point of view of any one, however favorably disposed, who is not a professed Socialist, would depend on the simplicity and sincerity with which the principle of the minimum of accommodation was adhered to. The moment the state began building houses for any one above the poorest of self-supporting workmen, it would not only double and quadruple the certain cost and the liability to evil consequences, but it would be taking a monstrous step toward Socialism. In undertaking such a scheme a state would, in effect, say, There is a class of our citizens who are just on the verge of self-support. The members of this class are, in the matter of house accommodation, almost absolutely helpless ; they must take what they can find ;

they cannot build their own houses ; they cannot go out in the country to make their home—that is reserved for the fortunate of their class ; they cannot protest effectually against foul and dangerous conditions. Nay, the miserable liability is, that they should, after being crowded down into the mire of life, become indifferent to such conditions themselves, ready, perhaps, to join the mob that pelts the health-officer on his rounds.

In regard to this class the state may proceed to say that neither Christian charity nor the public interest will tolerate the continuance of the utterly hideous and loathsome condition of things which disfigures the face of civilization. The rookeries shall be pulled down, the slums shall be cleaned out, once and forever. For the pauper there shall be a cot in the wards of the workhouse, with confinement for all, separation of sexes, and compulsory labor for the able-bodied. For every man who is trying to earn his living there shall be an apartment at a very low rent, graded to correspond with the lowest of private rents, in buildings owned by the state, or built and used under state inspection and control. Lower than this the man shall not go, until he passes into the wards of the workhouse. He may do what he pleases in respect to his clothes, his food, his drink ; but in this matter of habitation he shall live up to the standard set by the state. He shall not make the home of his family a hot-bed for scarlet-fever and diphtheria ; he shall not, even if he likes it, live in quarters where cleanliness and decency would be impossible.

Regarding this scheme I have only to say, that if we are not disposed to look favorably on a proposition that the state should undertake an enterprise so new

and large and foreign to our political habits (and I sincerely trust no American would be disposed to favor it), let us not shelter ourselves behind the miserable mockery of the Economic Harmonies, as applied to the very poor of our large cities. To assert a community of interest between the proprietor of a rookery, reeking with every species of foulness, and the hundreds of human animals, who curl themselves up to sleep in its dark corners, amid its foul odors, is to utter a falsehood so ghastly, at once, and so grotesque, as to demand both indignation and ridicule.

6th. The last of the socialistic measures to which I shall advert is the proposal for the nationalization of the land.

Now, I think I hear one half my readers exclaim: "The nationalization of the land! Surely, that is Communism, and Communism of the rankest sort, and not Socialism at all!" while the other half say: "Socialistic indeed! Well, if the man who advocates the nationalization of the land is not to be called a Socialist out and out, whom shall we call Socialists?" To these imagined expressions of dissent I reply, that the project for the nationalization of the land, as explained by John Stuart Mill, for example, has not the faintest trace of a communistic savor; and secondly, while it is highly socialistic, the man who advocates it is not for that reason alone to be classed as a Socialist, since he may be one who, in all other respects, holds fully and strongly to individual initiative enterprise in industry. He might, conceivably, be so strenuous an advocate of *laissez faire*¹ as to oppose factory acts, public education, special immunities and privileges to savings

¹ The name of Mr. Henry George appears on the lists of the New York Free Trade Club.

banks, or even free roads and bridges, as too socialistic for his taste.

There is a substantially unanimous consent among all publicists,¹ that property in land stands upon a very different basis from property in the products of labor.

Nothing has ever been adduced to break the force of Mr. Mill's demonstration that a continually increasing value, in any progressive state, is given to the land through the exertions and sacrifices of the community as a whole.

If private property in land has been created and has been freed from the obligation to contribute that unearned increment to the treasury, this has been done solely as a matter of political and economic expediency. The man who proposes that, with due compensation for existing rights, all future enhancement of the value of land, not due to distinct applications of labor and capital in its improvement, shall go to the state, by such fiscal means as may be deemed most advantageous to all concerned, is not to be called a Communist. He only claims that the community as a whole shall possess and enjoy that which the community as a whole has undeniably created. The Communist is a man who claims that the community shall

¹ "Sustained by some of the greatest names — I may say, of every name of the first rank in political economy, from Turgot and Adam Smith to Mill — I hold that the land of a country presents conditions which separate it economically from the great mass of the other objects of wealth — conditions which, if they do not absolutely, and under all circumstances, impose upon the State the obligation of controlling private enterprise in dealing with land, at least explain why this control is, in certain stages of social progress, indispensable, and why, in fact, it has been constantly put in force whenever public opinion or custom has not been strong enough to do without it." — Professor John E. Cairnes.

possess and enjoy that which individuals have created.

So far as England and the United States are concerned, the project for the nationalization of the land, notwithstanding the tremendous uproar it has created, especially in the former country, does not appear to me in any high degree formidable. Doubtless in England, where an aristocratic holding of the land prevails, this agitation will induce serious efforts to create a peasant proprietorship. It is, also, not improbable that the discussion regarding the tenure of the soil will lead to additional burdens being imposed upon real estate. Yet the advantages attending upon private ownership, notwithstanding the admitted fact that the system sacrifices, in its very beginning, the equities of the subject matter, are so manifest, so conspicuous, so vast, that there seems little danger that the schemes of Messrs. Mill, Wallace, and George will ever come to prevail over the plain, frank, blunt common-sense of the English race.

The important question remains, In what spirit shall we receive and consider propositions for the further extension of the state's activity?

Shall we antagonize them from the start, as a matter of course, using the term socialistic freely as an objurgatory epithet, and refusing to entertain consideration of the special reasons of any case?

When we consider what immense advantages have, in some cases, resulted from measures purely socialistic, are we altogether prepared to take a position of irreconcilable and undistinguishing hostility to every future extension of the state's activity? May we not believe that there is a leadership by the state, in certain activities, which does not paralyze private effort;

which does not tend to go from less to more ; but which, in the large, the long result, stimulates individual action, brings out energies which would otherwise remain dormant, sets a higher standard of performance, and introduces new and stronger motives to social and industrial progress ?

For myself, I will only say, in general, that while I repudiate the assumption of the economic harmonies which underlies the doctrine of *laissez faire*, and while I look with confidence to the state to perform certain important functions in economics, I believe that every proposition for enlarging the powers and increasing the duties of the state should be long and closely scrutinized ; that a heavy burden of proof should be thrown upon the advocates of every such scheme ; and that for no slight, or transient, or doubtful object should the field of industrial activity be trenched upon in its remotest corner. There is something in the very name of liberty to which the heart of man responds ; freedom itself thus becomes, in a certain sense, a force ; and those who thoroughly believe in individual initiative and enterprise are the best and safest judges of the degree to which restraint may, on account of the imperfections of human society and the hardness of men's hearts, require, in any given time and place, to be imposed upon the choices and actions of citizens.

That enlarging the powers of government at any point where, after due deliberation, it abundantly appears that, in spite of the reasonable preference for preserving individual activity, a large practical gain to the order of society and the happiness of its constituent members will, in the long result, accrue from the interposition of the state ; that dealing thus with

projects of social and economic reform will, as so many seem to fear, only arouse in the mass of the people a passion for further and further encroachments, and push society more and more rapidly on toward an all-engrossing Socialism, — I do not believe. It is the plea of despots that they cannot remit impositions, redress wrongs, or promote reforms, without awakening dangerous aspirations in their subjects and provoking them to ever-increasing demands.

To no such slavish dread of doing right are free nations subjected. It is the glorious privilege of governments of the people, by the people, for the people, that they derive only strength and added stability from every act honestly and prudently conceived to promote the public welfare. In such a state every real and serious cause of complaint which is removed becomes a fresh occasion for loyalty, gratitude, and devotion.

THE SPONTANEOUS ELEMENT IN SCHOLARSHIP.

*By Samuel Coleridge
Bristol*

“WHAT I am,” said Sir Humphrey Davy, “I have made myself.” He said it quietly, when he was the first chemist in the world. Few men have had a better right to say it. Born in poverty, taught the rudiments by an incompetent teacher, adopted by a family friend at the age of nine, attending school but one year, apparently strongly tempted to idleness and dissipation at fifteen, left an orphan at sixteen, apprenticed to an apothecary at seventeen, pursuing his experiments, with pots and pans from the kitchen and phials from the shop, and a syringe for an air-pump, in the garret of his friend and patron, who yet called him an “incorrigible boy,” “an idle dog,” — he had, by his incessant toil and study, self-prompted and self-sustained, made his way to a position and reputation among the most brilliant in the history of experimental science.

Such a man is designated a self-taught man ; and a very marked distinction is commonly made between such men and men of the schools. The distinction is convenient as matter of external history. But it is, after all, superficial. The self-taught and the school-taught, when well taught, are alike, if not equally, self-educated.

The point I wish to impress to-night is, that all highest achievement in education and culture, whether with or without instructors, must be essentially self-moved. It must spring from the ardent purpose and energy of the student himself. The presence of instructors and appliances is a vast advantage. They can interject into a non-receptive youth a very considerable amount of useful information by dint of incessant hammering or the process of slow absorption. But such a mechanical process never makes a scholar. And one is ready to sympathize, at times, with the pointed inquiry of an anxious parent, What is the use of expending five thousand dollars on the education of a five-dollar boy? The lack of these facilities is, on the other hand, a great disadvantage and misfortune, — which, however, a goodly number have found to be not altogether insuperable. And, whether in school or out of school, the one determining factor in the career of scholarship or culture is the spontaneous element, the impelling force within, the personal activity of the student. Whenever or wherever the time comes to throw the interest, the energy, the soul into his work, then and there is the dawn of all successful achievement.

The times and occasions of such an awakening are not the same with all men. When it shows itself irrepressibly from early childhood, as in Pascal and Macaulay, the fruits of the life-long yearning and striving are apt to be proportionately marked. It was in the lowest place in the lowest form but one of a grammar-school that Newton, kicked by a schoolmate, first beat him in a fight, then beat him in study, and rose from the bottom to the top. Hugh Miller's intense zeal for research began only when, to his lasting

regret, his school-days were ignominiously ended with a sound drubbing by the master. Paley was in his university course when he was startled from his listlessness and idleness by the rough address of a boon companion, "What a fool you are, Paley!" With Dean Swift it was later yet. He had received his university degree, but only by "special favor," and was twenty-seven years old when he roused himself, mentally at least, to begin the work of a hitherto wasted life. But whenever the dormant energy is fairly roused, the intellectual destiny is decided. For want of it, how many a youth, borne on the topmost wave of privilege, sinks through it all like a stone to the bottom! Not long ago, I read with the deepest interest the true story of what was called a "brown-stone" boy, born to the luxury of a palatial home, and ending in ignominy. For I said to myself, That is the story of thousands of boys, — not of one. But with that inward zeal, how many have pushed their way through every obstacle to eminent success!

Such a zeal, first of all, inspires the courage to face the difficulties of the way. For very many, if not most, of the most successful men have forced their way through great discouragements. This is certainly true of a large proportion of the best young men in the Institution with which I am connected. It has always been so. I was greatly impressed, not long since, in reading a correspondence of two Dartmouth students some eighty years ago. It was between two brothers who, as one of them wrote, had "aspirations above their condition." By the utmost efforts and sacrifices the one had entered college, partly through Phillips Academy, had graduated, and by his scanty earnings was aiding the other, who, with still more distressing

sacrifices, was struggling on in his Sophomore year. On the 6th of November the Sophomore wrote to the graduate : " These cold frosty mornings very sensibly inform me that I want a warm great-coat. I wish, Daniel, that it might be convenient to send on cloth for one. I do not care what color or what kind of cloth it is ; anything that will keep the frost out. Some kind of a shaggy cloth, I think, would be cheapest. Deacon Pettingill has offered me fourteen dollars a month [for teaching school]. I believe I shall take it. Money, Daniel, money. . . . As I was walking down to the office after a letter, I happened to find one cent, which is the only money I have had since the second day after I came on. It is a fact, Dan, that I was called on for a dollar where I owed it, and borrowed it, and have borrowed it four times since, to pay those I borrowed of." That letter must have been met on the way by a letter from the other, reading thus : " Now, Zeke, you will not read half a sentence, no, not one syllable, before you have searched this sheet for scrip ; but, my word for it, you will find no scrip here. We held a sanhedrim this morning on the subject of cash, could not hit on any way to get you any ; just before we went away to hang ourselves through disappointment, it came into our heads that next week might do. . . . I have now by me two cents in lawful federal currency ; next week I will send them if they be all ; they will buy a pipe ; with a pipe you can smoke ; smoking inspires wisdom ; wisdom is allied to fortitude ; from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism ; and stoicism never pants for this world's goods ; so, perhaps, my two cents may by this process put you quite at ease about cash. Write me this minute, if you can ; tell me all about your necessities ; no, not

all, a part only, and anything else you can think of to amuse me." And their whole correspondence is seasoned thick with similar utterances of sore distress and of buoyant hope. Six months later the Sophomore alludes to the receipt of some "cash" that brought him a partial relief, and adds: "You hinted to me in your last, that I should have some money soon. The very suggestion seemed to dispel the gloom that was thickening around me. It seemed like a momentary flash that suddenly bursts through a night of clouds." Still, a year after this, we find the struggling graduate writing a cheery word to his floundering brother: "For cash I have made out. Zeke, I don't believe but that Providence will do well for us yet." And Providence certainly did a good thing for them both; for the one was Ezekiel, the other was Daniel Webster. Such struggles are not altogether past. I have known a young man to enter college with seven dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket as the sum total of his worldly possessions, and an insatiable love for learning in his heart. I do not say it was wise, for it was almost a desperate venture, and I scarcely know how he did it. I do not say it was unwise. For he found friends and help, made his mark in college, and will make his mark in life. It shows what sometimes can be done. There is a marvellous heroism in many a young student now.

Such a spirit of inborn energy gives not only the courage, but the power to surmount obstacles. It is an inestimable blessing to have high educational facilities, — instructors and opportunities. Yet these alone carry us but a little way. They are the guides, we are the travellers. They point the way, we do the running, or the walking, — or the stumbling. Some men's

hindrances are other men's opportunities. A prison is a poor school. But Bunyan wrote his great allegory in Bedford jail, and Napoleon in arrest and confinement, it is said, so mastered the Code of Justinian as afterwards to astonish his lawyers. A blacksmith's shop became to Burritt the starting-point for acquiring more than forty languages, and a carpenter's shop the school-room in which Professor Lee learned the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan.

But under the best instruction this inner impulsive force is equally needful. Inevitably much of the earlier stages of all knowledge is jejune and hard. "The root," says the old maxim, "is bitter, but the fruit is sweet." An ardent appetency for the fruit will overcome the bitterness of the root. It is this active desire and purpose which makes all kinds of study and research alike feasible. A genuine scholar is capable of acquiring an interest in any study or pursuit under heaven that he ought to prosecute; he is but a fraction of a scholar if not. And there is no shallower plea for neglecting certain important studies than want of taste or inclination. Let him acquire the inclination. His very defect demands precisely that supply. An eminent jurist once complained, bitterly and rightfully, that his son in college was suffered to neglect the mathematics on the ground of distaste. "That," said he, "is exactly the weak point that ought to have been made strong." And the power to bring our hearty interest to any requisite pursuit, is the token of our transition from intellectual babyhood to manhood. I know a young man who, by reason of imperfect preparation, entered college with a strong aversion to that finest of languages, — the Greek. But having

the true iron in his blood, he heroically chose the Greek electives of the college course, threw his might into the work, and could be found, not long ago, enthusiastically working out an essay on the felicitous collocation of words in Demosthenes, and taking the first Greek prize. When such men as these are educated, they do not run in a groove. They have all of life's activities and spheres open before them to choose from. Thus I knew a young man in college headed for the legal profession; but circumstances changed that choice and turned him towards a more literary life. Within a few years after his graduation, he was urged or invited to five different kinds of professorships, upon any one of which he could then have entered. He had his choice and he took his choice.

And that, let me say in passing, is one of the pre-eminent advantages of the long-time established course of liberal education. It sends forth, not a man of angles, streaks, or crotchets, but a man rounded and expanded, flexible and versatile, many-sided and many-handed, ready to drop into the sphere he may prefer, and in it to maintain his legitimate relations to all other spheres. And whatever assaults may be made on classical and especially on Greek culture, the study, I doubt not, will sufficiently vindicate itself in the long run. The best minds, in the effort to place themselves in contact with the world's thought and culture, will still find it wise to put themselves by that centre and clue to it all, feel the quickening power of its marvellous models and matchless speech, and follow the flow of its ever-expanding stream, as it has tinged all later scholarship and literature. Such men, as it seems to me, will continue to be on the average the finer athletes, the winners in the race of intellectual power,

wherever it may be run. As benefactors, but not as competitors, will they have occasion to deplore any disparagement of classical education. The issue which old Homer set forth in his day will perhaps be symbolically repeated now : —

“ The men of Troy
Made head against the Greeks. The Greeks stood firm,
Nor ever thought of flight. As when the wind
Strows chaff about the sacred threshing-floor
While wheat is winnowed, and before the breeze
The yellow Ceres separates the grain
From its light husk, which gathers in white heaps :
Even so the Greeks were whitened o’er with dust
Raised in that tumult . . .

Yet the Greeks withstood
The onset, and struck forward with strong arms.”

In truth, it takes a man who has had a classical education to make a telling assault upon it. He owes it his power. We can afford to applaud the vigor of his blows ; they are hard hits at his own argument. The shaft is winged with a feather of the old eagle.

Again, this inner zeal of which I am speaking is what gives the best effect to the best instructions. If the parents of such men as William Pitt, Addison Alexander, and John Quincy Adams bestowed extraordinary personal care upon the education of their remarkable sons, the sons, in turn, responded with still more remarkable interest and effort. The precocity of Pitt’s intellect was not greater than the precocity of his enthusiastic application. At the age of seven he talked of speaking in the House of Commons “like his father.” And from that day till the age of twenty-one, if there was any one mode of training for such a sphere which he had not spontaneously put in thorough practice, — elocution, reading, recitation, memorizing, translation, profound and critical scholarship, mock de-

bates, elaborate study of living Parliamentary discussions, and the like, — if any one possible auxiliary practice was by him overlooked, it would be difficult to say what it could be. So, also, while stout old John Adams was writing to his noble wife, “It should be your care and mine to elevate the minds of our children,” and both were doing their utmost towards that end, the young John Quincy, at the age of nine, was writing to his father and complaining of himself on this wise: “My head is much too fickle. My thoughts are running after birds’ eggs, play, and trifles, till I get vexed with myself. Mamma has a troublesome task to keep me studying. I own I am ashamed of myself. I have but just entered the third volume of Rollin’s History, but designed to have got half through it by this time. I am determined this week to be more diligent. I have set myself a stint this week to read the third volume out. . . . I wish, Sir, you would give me in writing some instructions with regard to the use of my time, and advise me how to proportion my studies and my play, and I will keep them by me and endeavor to follow them.” That will do for a boy of nine. But when he adds in a postscript: “Sir, if you will be so good as to favor me with a blank book, I will transcribe the most remarkable passages I meet with in my reading, which will serve to fix them upon my mind,” — we see already the germ of that fulness of knowledge which made him an authority, and of that habit of recording which made him so formidable an antagonist. Still more irrepressible and omnivorous was the literary appetite of the young Alexander. At the age of eighteen he was reading with ease in ten different languages, and had laid the broad foundation for the first Biblical scholarship of his time in America.

Such illustrations could be indefinitely multiplied. The inward zeal performs the outward work. Indeed, it would be one of the most impressive of all lessons to young scholars, could we place before them, so that they might see at a glance, the intense enthusiasm and tireless toil with which men in wholly inferior pursuits have thrown themselves upon their work. Even the acrobat or the gymnast carries the zeal of a Socrates. Your base-ball pitcher and catcher give their mind to it, — often, gentlemen, all the mind they have. The great ballet-dancer — Taglioni or Elssler — does the same. You remember the alleged effect — whether fact or fiction — produced by Elssler upon Emerson and Margaret Fuller: “Margaret,” said he, “that is poetry.” “Ralph, it is religion.” Evidently her whole soul was in her lower extremities. Your chess and billiard champions have done little else in their lives. The great violinist lives for his instrument, and hugs and caresses it like a child. What an untold amount of self-moved labor enters into the training of the prima-donna or the tragic actor, in the whole and in detail. Years of preliminary work leave the same ardent zeal of practice; and numberless anecdotes could be given, — as of Macready, overheard in a hotel, practising two solid hours on the word “murder,” and of Madame Malibran explaining to a friend how she had acquired a certain extraordinary trill. “Oh,” said she, “for three months I have been running after it. I have pursued it everywhere, — while arranging my hair, while dressing, — and I found it one morning in the bottom of my shoes as I was putting them on.” What invincible enthusiasm and exhaustless labor have marked the history of musical composers and performers! And

how, when the fountain has been dammed in one place, it has burst out in another! Thus Eulenstein, apprenticed to an iron-monger with an iron heart, and deprived successively of his violin, French-horn, flageolet, and guitar, resorted in despair to the Jew's-harp, and by four years' practice gained such astonishing skill as to command a European reputation.

The history of high art in every form would show the same irrepressible zeal prompting the untiring work that has immortalized the men. It was labor of love. Michael Angelo studying anatomy and dissecting like a surgeon, and in his long life of more than fourscore years never finding time enough to execute the fond conceptions of his teeming brain, and Raphael filling his short life of thirty-seven with an amount of achievement which nothing but an almost superhuman ardor can explain, are but specimens of a vast company.

A similar enthusiasm has marked success in literature. To cite the numerous and signal instances, would be to repeat an oft-told tale. Of the very few American writers who, with no tinge of classical education, have attained a mastery of English style, Franklin and Lincoln are preëminent. Both achieved it by their ardent zeal and painstaking, using the best available substitute for the process of translation. Franklin, as you know, was wont to take the essays of Addison, — himself formed wholly on classic influences, — convert them into other phraseology, and after a time re-convert, as near as might be, into their original form. Lincoln, as he informed Dr. Gulliver, from his early manhood formed the habit of working his sentences over and over in every possible shape, never resting till he had hit the exact form that told

his meaning. And that short but famous Gettysburg oration was written and re-written, till by its terse and majestic terms it was fitted to wing its way down to immortality, by the side of the epitaph at Thermopylæ. Why should I cite instances of the unwearied elaboration of style, — as of Pope, exhausting the patience of his printers by his endless corrections of proof, of Lyman Beecher, spending three weeks upon a single paragraph, or of the wit Sheridan, writing and re-writing his repartees, even that biting sarcasm, till it cut as keen as a razor: “The gentleman is indebted to his imagination for his facts, and his memory for his wit”?

If we glance into the field of oratory, what a wonderful exhibition should we find of devoted self-culture, of success achieved, by nothing short of the most ardent purpose! To give a catalogue would be to cite nearly all the great names from Demosthenes to Gladstone. Think of Fox practising every night in a session but one, and regretting that omission; of “stuttering Jack” Curran, Sheridan, Cobden, Hall, Beaconsfield, after humiliating failures indomitably pressing on to success, — and you see the power of a purpose! Indeed, the Reverend Sydney Smith declares himself “convinced that a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit as he might to the study of mathematics, and I would answer for it, that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again.” I think, however, the prescription would succeed much better with men like Smith than with you or me, — although I may say that I have seen men who did try to be witty all day long, and with a

success that certainly astonished their friends, and might have gratified their foes.

Let me add to these considerations the fact, that it is by this self-impelled purpose that the men of mark in every line overpass their instructors and push out for themselves. There is always a point at which the range of the instructor in any pathway ceases, while the field stretches out illimitably beyond. From the vantage-ground of the past the apt pupil peers inquiringly into the future. All the men who have advanced the boundaries of learning or skill, in whatever direction, have had to strike out boldly for themselves. They leave all guides behind and become their own teachers. Who taught Paganini to play a whole sonata on one string of his violin? Who taught the painter Cimabue first to break away from his stiff and wooden Greek models, Giotto to surpass his teacher Cimabue, and thus onward to the grand culmination in Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Raphael? Who taught Da Vinci himself to match the angel of his master, Verocchio, with another so much beyond it that the master never painted more?

In like manner have the extraordinary advances of science been carried forward by self-impelled men, — as, in chemistry from Priestley to Faraday, in astronomy from Copernicus to Lockyer, in geology from Buckland to Geikie, — each adventurer first reconnoitring, and soon boldly breaking forth beyond the fixed line of the past. So remarkable has been the activity of these men in devising new inquiries and new combinations and experiments, that in some instances, at least, it would require a whole lecture to describe the enterprise of one man.

The same self-impelled activity has prompted the

progress and success of other modern researches, historical, archæological, linguistic. Niebuhr's self-taught method marks almost a revolution in the art of writing history, so as to insure a re-writing of a large part of all the past, from the scrutiny of authentic documents, scattered hints of contemporaries, local explorations, and newly discovered or newly-interrogated antiquities. No doubt many a traditional statement is thus rendered obsolete ; but, within a generation, what new and fresh revelations have thus been made of the hidden springs, the real forces and sources of national and human life ! By these indefatigable researches we now discern all the complex activities of Chaldæa in the time of Abraham, and have a clearer conception of daily life in Egypt more than three thousand years ago than in Plymouth Colony two hundred and sixty years ago. But how much more yet remains to be done !

What a surprising self-moved activity has in our day pushed the lines of archæology in so many lines of mutual helpfulness, till the several paths seem almost ready to meet ! Look for a moment at two great auxiliary labors in this vast process, — the unlocking of the hieroglyphics and the translation of the wedge-shaped characters of Babylonia and Chaldæa ! What could seem more hopeless than the rendering of those strange figures on the Egyptian columns, temples, and manuscripts, written in three different forms, all alike mysterious. Of the hieroglyphics proper, not a word or a letter was known or conjectured ; it was not known that there were words or letters ; indeed, men were on the wrong track that it was wholly a kind of symbolic or picture writing. And if there were a language covered by

these mysterious characters, what tongue it might be was equally unknown. The language which it proved to be was then a dead language in Egypt, and practically unknown to European scholars ; and the signs themselves were soon found to be not fixed, but variable, having sometimes many forms for the same sound. Here was perplexity upon perplexity, wheel within wheel. But an ardent scholarship was equal to the task. It skilfully conjectured and isolated a royal name, then another, — “ Ptolemy ” and “ Cleopatra,” — analyzing the elements, extending the analysis step by step in new combinations, meanwhile acquiring the tongue in which it was conjectured to be written, till by the concurrent skill of many minds, and the intermittent progress of many years, these records of the past were laid open. Still more impenetrable, if possible, was the problem of the wedge-shaped inscriptions of the East. The characters themselves looked hopelessly inscrutable, the seemingly confused and interminable repetition and combination of a single form — the wedge — a bewildering labyrinth. They represented, as was afterwards found, three different modes of writing : alphabetic, syllabic, and alphabetico-ideographic ; and they covered three unknown tongues, — the old Persian, the Median or Elamite, and the Assyrian, itself sometimes considered as twofold. Here, too, though after a toil of many years, scholarly enthusiasm triumphed, and is giving us a literature of vast extent.

Leaving now this broader field, let us take two specimens from the field of classical research ; and they shall be one from the earliest, and one from the latest period. Some three and a half centuries ago, Erasmus was the first professor of Greek at Cam-

bridge University, the first editor of the Greek Testament, the founder of the Erasmian pronunciation, and the leading scholar of Europe. But see how he reached that eminence! An illegitimate child, early an orphan and in poverty, forced by his guardians into a convent among dull and sensual associates, happily making his way at last to the University of Paris, where he maintained himself by private teaching, and whence, he says, "I carried away nothing but a body infected with disease and a plentiful supply of vermin," attended henceforth by broken health and lifelong suffering, starting for England as a pensioner on the bounty of a nobleman, at thirty almost wholly destitute of any knowledge of the Greek and too poor to seek it in Italy, at that time its proper home, starting at last, but robbed on the way, sent thither at length by the charity of English friends, — it was twelve years from his first visit to Cambridge before he returned as professor. Meantime, notwithstanding the help of Italian scholars, he describes himself as mainly *αὐτοδίδακτος*, and as giving his "whole mind" to Greek literature with such devotion that when he gets any money he first buys Greek authors, and then clothing. A quiet chair at Cambridge might have seemed a refuge from all his harassments. But no. He was sowing seed on uncongenial soil. His pay depended mainly on the fees of young men, few and poor. He was surrounded by indifferent and some hostile spirits, oppressed with debt, ill-health, and anxiety, disgusted with the climate, "living the life of a snail in its shell, stowing myself away in the college," and at length seeing his little squad of pupils disperse before the advent of the plague. He then himself took flight to the Continent, feeling that his

sojourn at Cambridge had been a failure. Yet through all these difficulties and discouragements he won his way to be an "oracle in Europe, to gain the favor of princes and courts, and to win a deathless fame" in the world of scholarship.

Just three centuries from the death of Erasmus in the fulness of his fame, a boy of fourteen became apprentice in a little grocer's shop in the little German town of Fürstenburg. His father, a poor clergyman, had told him tales of the Homeric times; at the age of seven he had seen a picture of Æneas, Anchises, and Ascanius fleeing from the burning city; he was filled with the thought that the ruins of those walls must still remain; and the boy and his father agreed that "he should one day excavate Troy." Everything but the irrepressible bent of his soul was against it. Poverty had driven him from the gymnasium after three months' study. His grocer's apprenticeship — the best thing he could get — kept him from five in the morning till eleven at night, without a moment's leisure, selling herrings, whiskey, candles, salt, sugar, and the like, grinding potatoes for the still, sweeping the shop, and in contact with the lowest classes of society. Even here the passion was still upon him, and he hired a drunken and expelled student to recite the rhythmic lines of Homer, though utterly unintelligible to him, and prayed God that by his grace he might yet have the happiness of learning Greek. From that drudgery he was released only by a misfortune — an injury of the chest, attended with spitting of blood; he lost two other places in succession by reason of that debility and consequent incapacity for work; and, to earn his bread, he shipped as a cabin-boy, so destitute as to sell his coat to buy a blanket.

Wrecked, rescued, sent to Amsterdam by the charity of strangers arriving in winter, without a coat, quickly exhausting the few florins given him in alms, he feigned sickness to be taken to a hospital. When, at the point of despair, a distant friend raised for him a subscription of a hundred dollars, and procured him a place as messenger-boy in an office. He was nineteen years of age. With the mental freedom of his mechanical occupation — so commonly a blank — began his education and his actual life-work. One half of his salary of \$160 he expended on his studies, living on the other half — if it could be called living — in a wretched garret, where he shivered with cold and was scorched with heat, with rye-meal porridge for breakfast, and never spending more than two pence for his dinner, and all the while — in his lodgings, on his errands, at his waiting-places — grappling with the English language. Though complaining of a bad memory, by his extraordinary exertions and singular devices in six months he had gained, he says, a thorough knowledge of the language. In another six months he conquered the French; and the Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian speedily followed. It must be confessed, however, that his intensity of study interfered with his work and his promotion. Good friends, at length, procured him a place as book-keeper and correspondent, with a salary of \$250, — soon increased, for his zeal, to \$400. Grateful for this generosity, to make himself useful to his firm as a correspondent, he applied himself to the Russian language, without a teacher, and with no helps but an old grammar, lexicon, and a *Télémaque* in Russian. He read and wrote, and recited aloud, day after day, hiring a poor Jew dumbly to listen two hours every evening to his Russian

declamation, at six and a quarter cents an hour, without understanding a syllable, but simply to cheer him on, — and so disturbing his fellow-tenants through the thin board partitions, that he was twice forced to change his lodgings as a social nuisance. But he triumphed, as always, and in six weeks wrote his first Russian letter, and found himself able to converse fluently with the Russian merchants visiting Amsterdam. This last acquisition soon carried him to Russia as agent of the firm, and laid the foundation for his fortune. But, alas! at the very dawn of his prosperous days came the heaviest stroke of his life. There was a young maiden, Minna Meincke, who had been his companion from childhood, shared all his imaginings, returned his affection, dwelt in his memory, and by that memory “filled him with a boundless energy.” Though her parents opposed, they had met and parted in tearful and almost speechless love, ten years before. And when now, before a brilliant opening, he dared write asking for her hand, what was his horror to hear in reply that she had just been married to another! The shock by which the fond vision of sixteen years dissolved in a moment unfitted him for business, prostrated him with sickness, and became the sorrow of years. He rallied at length to his work. But through all his struggles, his business, and his sorrow, the vision of Troy and the memory of his promise loomed up before him. It was only at the age of thirty-four that he found leisure to acquire the modern and then the ancient Greek, and after these the Latin; and not until twelve years later yet was he able to realize the “dream of his life,” and begin his excavations upon the classic soil. But how effectually at last Henry Schliemann realized that early dream and gained the

attention and gratitude of the scholarly world, his volumes, "Ilios," "Troy," "Mycenæ," and "Troja" bear witness, and the world well knows. And in all his hard and trying history there was but one striking Providential interposition in his favor, — when his entire fortune alone escaped in the general conflagration at Memel. Otherwise, his signal career has been but the steady outgrowth of his irrepressible zeal and practical energy.

It would be easy to accumulate such instances from every age and every field of study. But I trust I have cited enough to enforce my theme, and to show that — whether for facing and surmounting obstacles, making effectual use of scanty opportunities, reaping the benefit of the best instruction, or extending the boundaries of science and literature — all true scholarship must be spontaneous, self-impelled, earnest, resolute. Would I might sow here some seed of high aspirations, self-moved attainments, and literary achievements that should reach far beyond school-days and school-studies! The world is old, but the fields of thought are always young. Every new path opens to others newer yet. Never was the outlook more inviting and hopeful than now. Science in every department calls for skilled votaries. History, ancient and modern, is largely to be re-written. Archæology is yet in its youth. Linguistics and comparative philology offer an exhaustless store of materials. Hebrew and Greek scholarship have not yet done their best. Egyptology and Assyriology present vast fields of promise. Hittite, Cypriote, and Etruscan inscriptions are waiting to be read. Hindoo, Chinese, and Japanese literatures are yet to be explored and sifted. Huge piles of authentic documents, all over the world, are to be in-

terrogated for the truth. The call for study of the Scriptures — their history, teachings, evidences, and results — was never more loud and earnest. Biblical manuscripts are further to be compared, early versions to be critically edited and corrected, and the Christian Fathers to be more abundantly explored. The field of English literature will never be closed. And while, after the lapse of two and a half centuries, our Shakespeare is the theme of fresh and constant discussion, there is room, if not for other Shakespeares, yet for noble writers of both poetry and prose. May the ranks of high scholarship in more than one of these lines be recruited from your number!

And remember, young men, that the opportunities are waiting for you. And if there is one thought on this theme which the observation of a life-time impresses on me most profoundly, it is that "success consists in being ready for your opportunity." The opportunity comes round like some majestic vessel, bound on a returnless voyage, touching at port after port, once for all. The voyager that is ready goes on board; the unready are left. Yes, from every sphere of activity comes the loud call for the men; but, alas! the men do not come.

But do not understand me to intimate that success depends on the greatness of the sphere. That is accidental, — providential. It is found, not in the sphere we fill, but in the filling of the sphere. We need give ourselves little concern about that sphere. It will take care of itself if we take care of ourselves. Each man has his mission. The place it is best he should occupy he will attain. In the long run men find their level.

THE SENTIMENT OF REVERENCE.

Franklin
Chapter
A PRIMARY need of the soul is for something to reverence, and this need is the mark of its nobility. The cultivation of the purely intellectual element, of which, perhaps, we make too much in our systems of education, rests on the faith that we have in the soul itself, in its capacities, its possibilities of doing good things for the world, and also on the faith that we have in certain studies, that they will give liberal training; will make the coming man gentle and courteous and true and patriotic, and, above all, reverential.

When Juvenal wrote, —

“Maxima debetur puero reverentia,”

it was from a dread of the baseness to which the opening powers of the mind and body may be devoted; from a fear of those corruptions that seemed to wait on the birth of every Roman boy; and it was not without a certain awe before the great achievement that perhaps lay embryonic in the child.

Our own Lowell echoes the line when he says: —

“It is no little thing when a fresh soul
And a fresh heart with their unmeasured scope
For good, not gravitating earthward yet,
But circling in divine periods,
Are sent into the world.”

So Wordsworth : —

“ Dear child, dear girl that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine ;
Thou liest in Abraham’s bosom all the year
And worship’st at the Temple’s inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.”

So Saint Anthony, as we see him in the Murillo pictures receiving a vision of the Christ-child, is the incarnation of reverence and the perfect illustration of Juvenal’s verse.

The verse has seemed singular in the denouncing old Roman poet, but it brings him very near to our modern sight. There has been no great nation without a deep sentiment of reverence for some qualities embodied in personality, pervading the character of the people as a whole. The Romans deified their illustrious dead ; the distinguished ancestors reappeared in the splendor of their highest public honors at the funeral of each great man, and seemed to welcome the departed to a place among the gods. For these Romans the state was the most commanding conception, and all individual powers were consecrated to the exaltation of the republic. Even the gods received honor in proportion to the benefits they conferred upon the state. This conception gave an intense oneness to their history, for those who had goodness glowing in their hearts. Their goodness was *virtus* in the service of the state, either in the city or in the field. The reverence of the Romans for their ancestors, their officers, and the state died out (and it is a solemn lesson) when sensuality and lewdness began to prevail. When Juvenal wrote the oft-quoted line, it was a voice from a sound mind, re-stating amidst

the degeneracy of the empire the first principles on which Roman greatness had been built up.

The Greeks revered beauty, not a mere sensuous perfection of form, but a beauty that expressed inner perfections, — courage, subtlety, and power, high, but not the highest qualities. They set up statues of great men, but they took care that only those thrice victors in the Olympic games should have portrait statues. What was the meaning of this caution? They conceived that the most vigorous and enduring manliness would, as a rule, be expressed in the most perfect body, and that only the most perfect types of beauty should be exhibited to the citizens, the women, and the boys. They said, "He who has been thrice victor will be more admired than he who has conquered only once. And as the triple victor will be of more ideal form, his statue will best kindle the reverence for beauty and physical perfection so necessary to maintain the glory of the state." Thus our reverence for Greek art, our obedience to canons as old as Homer and more enduring than the Parthenon, is really a tribute to the reverence of these talkative, noisy, curious, subtle, acute worshippers of beauty. "The manners of the Greeks," says Emerson, "were plain and fierce. The reverence exhibited is for personal qualities: courage, address, self-command, justice, strength, swiftness, a loud voice, a broad chest." This reverence is deep and intense; and it is our sympathy with, or rather our honor for, the things they revered that brings them so near us and gives them such a lasting dominion; thus Emerson adds, "In reading their fine apostrophes to the stars, to rocks, mountains, waves, I feel time passing away as an ebbing sea, I feel the eternity of man, the ideality of his thought."

That was a finer reverence which our old Germanic ancestors had, as recorded by Tacitus, forbidding them to fashion images of their gods. He says, "They call by the names of divinities that secret thing which they discern by reverence alone." There is an equally fine feeling in the assignment of their divinities to the groves for their temples, making the depth of some majestic forest rather than a frail fabric of their own construction the sanctuary of their worshipped gods.

Few peoples ever had this quality of reverence in ampler proportions than the early settlers of New England. There was mingled with it much pride and intolerance, but their reverence was not held within religious limits, though religion was the main channel for its expression. There was high esteem for learning, and they founded colleges and chose learned men for their magistrates. There was reverence for authority, and they tried every means that they might live in harmony with the mother-country. Faith and reverence go hand in hand, and the two united give a solidity to human achievement which partakes of the very permanence of the universe. Meteors with short-lived brilliancy produce no great results. Real achievement rests on slow but continuous forces, and like the granite foundations comes slowly into being, but may rise at last suddenly upon the landscape to add beauty and grandeur for the coming millennium.

Whatever convulsions have shaken Roman authority, the reverence for law, which was the Roman reverence, upholds the modern fabrics of society, and has its lasting expression in the bridges, the highways, the courts, and cathedrals of the world. Whatever

eclipse has come over the Shechinah at Jerusalem, monotheism and the morality which sprang from it are a banyan tree that ever produces the leaves which are still for the healing of the nations, and promises to embrace the entire globe. The reverence of our New England fathers, has it not raised high monuments in the amazing development of this broad land, in its churches, colleges, railroads, and equal states?

A nation is to be congratulated when it has many illustrious men in its history, to whom the people may look back with reverential love. Happy the people possessing among their dead a Washington, a Lincoln, a Grant. Each such name helps to hold the passing generations, with all their new problems and revolutionary impulses, in allegiance to the ideals of the past. One must believe that Westminster Abbey is a perpetual incentive to true patriotism; that beneath the constant influence of its noble monuments demagogues should not flourish. As one walks beneath those arches and reads the records of heroes who have died in various climes for England and mankind, of the statesmen and the authors who have for so many centuries been making the English language and ideas the most precious literary heritage of the world, one gets a profound impression of the solidity of English institutions, a firm confidence that widespread, deeply-penetrating roots will keep the English oak green for centuries to come.

Nor is it any less true of individuals than of nations that permanent fame rests upon reverence for high attainments, but rather for great principles and the customs founded on great principles, for truth, honor, courage, self-sacrifice, chastity, for marriage and civil government. When reverence for these is gone from

a man, we may admire his military genius or his financial shrewdness, but none the less we think of him as having lost the finest thing that distinguishes man from the brute.

When Abraham Lincoln, in that memorable contest with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858 for the senatorship from Illinois, a contest extending over weeks of debate, in reply to a flippant allusion by Douglas to the Declaration of Independence, solemnly spoke of himself as of no importance, of his illustrious opponent as of no importance, in comparison with that precious document, and of the principle of equal rights for all men as of more value than a multitude of men, he revealed a reverence for justice and for the happy development of a people under a just government so profound, with such fervor of eloquent self-forgetfulness, as to betoken to the thoughtful man who heard or read his words the foundation of a colossal greatness. Such a greatness was afterwards reared upon that foundation, and Douglas, who was at one time the idol of his party, known as "the little giant of the West," and who received the support of most Northern Democrats for the presidency in 1860, having contrived the principle of squatter sovereignty, apparently in the interests of fair play, but who failed by it to satisfy either the Northern lovers of freedom or the extreme advocates of slavery, has now a slender fame in comparison with the majestic honor belonging to his martyred rival.

The oft-quoted passage from Kant is an illustration of the reverence that dwells with true greatness: "Two things fill my soul with always new increase of wonder and awe, and often and persistently my thought busies itself with these: with the starry heaven above me and the moral law within me. . . .

“The first glance at an innumerable multitude of worlds annihilates my importance as an animal creature that must give back the matter of which it was made to the planet — itself a mere point in the universe — after it has been for a short time, we know not how short, endowed with vital force.

“The second glance, on the contrary, exalts my worth as an intelligence infinitely, through my personality in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of animal nature and even of the whole universe of sense, at least so far as the end of my existence is determined by this law, which is not limited within the conditions and limits of this life, but goes on into infinitude.” It is the relation of personality to truth, to principle, to moral law, that evolved this expression of reverence from Kant, a reverence that may reasonably be taken as the gauge of his greatness.

“Honor thy father and mother,” says the commandment, “that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.” This commandment and that upon Sabbath-keeping are the only affirmative injunctions in the decalogue, that wonderfully comprehensive and exact digest of human duty. Both of these inculcate mainly, I may say wholly, reverence, but not less than the first, second, and third commandments, — so that the first half of the decalogue is wholly devoted to the enforcement of reverence. It is thus the voice of God that says here that reverence is the basis, the foundation of noble character; out of reverence for what is holy, true, and rightly authoritative will grow the fullest virtue. Our Lord, in giving his disciples that simple prayer that has been the most potent symbol of unity

for an ever-enlarging church, and which on the lips of a little child, or arising from a great congregation, brings to him who will hear aright convincing proof of Jesus' divine insight, postulates reverence in man as the initial condition for seeking the blessing of God. He has no right to ask for daily bread or forgiveness who has not first prayed, who does not by his constant thought pray, that God's name may be hallowed, and that his blessed kingdom may come. Profanity, the trifling with the name by which the Supreme Being is known to man, or with that other name of the fuller revelation, "at which every knee shall bow,"—such profanity is the mark of a hardened, imbruted soul. It is to such an one that it was said, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

In every true theory of religion reverence must have a large place. When Schleiermacher defined religion as "a feeling of absolute dependence," he doubtless intended to give reverence due recognition. But it was perfectly reasonable for the Duke of Argyle to remark, in criticising this definition, that a man carried off in a flood and clinging to a log of wood must have a painful sense of absolute dependence on the log. But no one would think of describing this sense as a religious feeling.

In Mr. Herbert Spencer's striking paper on "Religion, a Retrospect and a Prospect," there is in like manner a missing of this large element in the religious sentiment. Mr. Spencer certainly seems to identify wonder with the religious sentiment. That is an eloquent passage in which he says: "Nor is it in the primitive peoples, who supposed that the heavens rested on the mountain tops, any more than in the modern

inheritors of their cosmogony, who repeat that 'the heavens declare the glory of God,' that we find the largest conceptions of the universe or the greatest amount of wonder excited by the contemplation of it. Rather it is in the astronomer, who sees in the sun a mass so vast that even into one of his spots our earth might be plunged without touching its edges, and who by every finer telescope is shown an increased multitude of such suns, many of them far larger." I will not dispute the assertion that the profoundest astronomer feels "the greatest amount of wonder," though it is possible that a supercilious disdain of wonder, so far as that word means a confession of limitation, often characterizes the learned specialist. But wonder and religious feeling are not the same. One may wonder at the tricks of a conjurer or at the confused jargon of a lunatic, but there is scarcely religious feeling in this wonder.

When certain philosophers tell us that there is something transcending all personality, infinitely higher than any possible personality, they strike a blow at the root of all religion. Admirably has the Duke of Argyle said, "If there be one truth more certain than another, one conclusion more securely founded than another, not on reason only, but on every other faculty of our nature, it is this, that there is nothing but mind that we can respect; nothing but heart that we can love; nothing but a perfect combination of the two that we can adore." Adoration and reverence, as proceeding from the religious sentiment, involve personality in the power towards which they go forth; but the substitution of wonder for reverence results in the elimination of personality from the Supreme Being: the reduction of God to an infinite and eternal energy,

from which all things may proceed, but with which we can have no more common terms than with the ocean or the sun. Can one, except in the loosest sense, reverence the ocean, its vastness, its stores of life, its power, its ferocity? Can one, except in the loosest sense, worship the sun, its flames, its vapors, its nourishing but destroying heat? It was possible once, when knowledge was in its infancy, for the Persians to worship this great source of light and life. But the astronomer who sees in the sun a mass so vast that even into one of its spots our earth might be plunged without touching its edges, can even this astronomer reverence what he knows to be "nothing but a ball of fire"?

Usually where wonder usurps the place of reverence, egotism usurps the place of worship. He who finds no being in the universe to revere naturally regards himself as the highest outcome of existence.

It is a beautiful touch in the sweet lament of Tennyson over his friend to wish that —

"The great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity."

The growth in reverence in Tennyson's mind seems not, in all cases, to be simultaneous or coördinate, least of all identical with the growth in knowledge. The philosopher too often lacks the spirit of the little child.

In a scheme of necessity there is strictly no place for gradations, and the primeval polyp is entitled to quite as much wonder as the intricately fashioned, complexly adjusted man. Nay, perhaps, to more. If the perfect man was in the primeval atom, we may wonder more how he came there, than how, being

there, he managed to escape. But human nature revenges itself, and into the vacuum which expelled reverence leaves rushes the self-seeking thought, the self-complacency, the egotism, that makes the brightest intellect repulsive, because it chills the warmth of the heart. "Respect for the divinity within man" was in earlier days a watchword with Carlyle. But that divinity was revealed at last as not necessarily involving goodness. Possibly even the moral law was not directive of the unconscious working of the genius which he extolled. Do not the later publications justify us in saying that his memory is less sweet than if he had regarded goodness, moral excellence, rather than force, as the highest reality in human achievement?

The want of reverence is always marked by the assertion and projection of self. It finds its extreme in what is vulgarly called "cheek;" and this extreme, as opposed to reverence, is the curse and badge of too much American life. It takes the fine polish from manners. An egotism that disregards conventionality may be as mean as a cruelty that tramples on sensitivity. The man or the boy who breaks a written or an unwritten law that conduces to the enjoyment of society, simply because it suits his wilfulness to do it, or gratifies his desire of pleasure at the expense of a fellow-being's rights, may sometimes have the show of reverence, but little of the substance; may have admiration for beauty, but little honor for goodness. In one of George Eliot's earlier books, the clergyman who removes his boots that he may go softly into the room of the invalid proves by that act that he is a gentleman, and shows so far his fitness to minister at God's altar.

He who has no reverence for law as an expression of the consensus of past generations, or does not clearly recognize that limitation is in order for every sentient being, will lift his volition in disregard of property, and may imagine in his arrogance that he is happy. But the mark of Ishmael is upon him, and neither high birth, nor learning, nor wealth can give him the place of a gentleman.

Nothing seems to indicate so certainly the decadence of a people as the loss of its ideals. In a prosperous democracy there are constant tendencies to the extinction of reverence. It is an evil hour when the journals, the most potent educators, make no discrimination as to the admission of items; where everything fair and foul is spread out in all its details. But it is a more evil hour when the columns are crowded with stories of murder and suicide and rape and incest and defalcation, and small place is left for the exhibition of true ideals, for the enforcement of first principles, for the statement of the true conditions of the world, and for the stories of daily self-denial. As now the people are all readers, what will be the effect of such a training? There are newspapers that make discriminations; but it is to be feared that the untrained minds choose the sensational, and that a metropolitan newspaper is led by the public taste to present much that were better unfamiliar to the young. The revelations last year of the "Pall Mall Gazette" may have been, probably were, intended to promote the interests of virtue, but the subtle poison of impurity lurks in the very recital of certain deeds, and the enkindled desire to see for one's self what is going on, as the saying is, is sometimes, at least, the precursor of ruin.

In the French Academy there are prizes for goodness. The humble peasant who has shown heroic devotion to his once prosperous but now impoverished employer; the brave soldier who rescues many from drowning; the hospitable peasant and wife who have received for years the daily procession of wandering pilgrims, and fed and clothed little children and put shoes and stockings on their feet, are sought out and honored with medals and prizes. And when the learning and culture of France meet at the public session of the Institute, such deeds are recited in touching eloquence, and the scholar and the author give their applause to the obscure ones who have had more than tears of sympathy, even long-continued self-denial for the suffering. The newspapers of the next day contain these stories, and for one day each year there is a break in the Parisian record, and the recital of good deeds in a few of the journals, at least, receives much attention. The reverence for goodness, as a quality in others, will not be wholly obliterated even in minds that do not practise it, and in the most impure civilization there may be seven thousand who revere the Author of goodness; but I fear that the few good deeds, honored and proclaimed each year by the French Academy, have no great power in evoking virtue and keeping the ideals before the people over against the millions of crimes that the French journals record. A brave deed done in Chicago or New Orleans or Paris within the last twenty-four hours I would gladly hear, but why should all the world, or even all my own country, lay down its crime beside my breakfast-plate? It may not harm me. I do not read it, but too many immature minds have their fine sensitiveness dulled by this attrition. That public

sentiment is to blame for this state of things does not make the effect more wholesome. And this current of news is no longer arrested one day in the week. This age esteemeth every day alike. The holy day has become a holiday, or rather seems passing through the holiday stage to become a common day. This publicity and exaggerated emphasis of petty or foul details has not been without some good results. It has helped the civil-service reformers. It has improved the outward condition of the laborers. It has conduced to sanitary improvements, and has set up certain ideal standards. But these standards were related to physical and political well-being, to material comforts mainly. Exhibiting a true regard for the rights of man, these journals have taught the influential to look downward and outward. They have not so much promoted the looking upward in the classes whose gospel they have become, or emphasized the value of goodness and the law of love as binding on all classes. If you would keep your minds pure and maintain the reverence for those examples which will keep society pure, learn to pass by the worthless details of festivities, intrigues, and crimes which the paper puts into your hands, and keep your thought and memory for the statistics and valuable facts in bringing which to your knowledge the journal is of immense service. It would be well to keep a file of a metropolitan daily American and of a weekly English paper, as soon and as long as you can. The sources of the history of the immense changes in the world are in these papers.

When the ideals are once shattered, there is nothing more commonplace than their fragments. The Venus of Melos or the Otricoli Zeus broken to pieces are

bits of common stone. Possibly a distant age may gather up tenderly and recombine the features, if they are not too finely pulverized; but the blind rage of the Thirty Years' War reduced most precious monuments to dust. The question, What is that which itself destroys that which it produces? might be answered, A nation. In the days of its reverence it builds sacred monuments, which in the days of its decadence it destroys. There was little outward splendor — the lictors and the rods — about the consuls in the days of the Scipios, if it be compared with the display of the Cæsars; but there was more honor felt for the Scipios than for a Nero, a Galba, a Vitellius, or a Domitian. The degradation of the empire was incarnate in such emperors. Who could revere sensuality, brutality, and disease? Galba's hands and feet were so distorted by gout that he could neither open a volume nor wear shoes. "Otho," says Tacitus, speaking of the crisis of his life, "courted empire with the demeanor of a slave." No words to an ancient Roman could have signified greater degeneracy. The head of the Roman state fawning on the common soldiers, kissing his hands to the noisy mob with the demeanor of a slave! Antony's words over the dead Cæsar might well express the lament of a noble Roman in the final degenerate days, if we substitute the Roman state for Cæsar: —

" But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence."

By such momentous contrasts does history teach the value of purity, reverence, and faith.

It is not uncommon to hear nowadays the demand that college prayers be abolished, or, at least, made

voluntary, which, I fear, means much the same as abolition.¹ In a college where everything else is voluntary, it may seem that there is no reason why prayers should be compulsory; but if the relinquishment of compulsory worship should mean that the lesson of reverence for the Author of goodness and for his condescension would no longer be taught, even the thoughtful agnostic might well hesitate to give the *coup de grâce* to the requirement of fifteen minutes of daily worship.

An accomplished gentleman, now a professor in Yale College, discovered a few years ago, in a book in the Yale library, a leaf from a monitor's report, giving the attendance and absence of twenty-three students at Harvard College for one week of the academical year 1663-64. He made of this leaflet an interesting paper, which was read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, and printed among their papers. It is curious to observe that the absences from the Sunday morning and Sunday evening prayer are decidedly less than from the morning and evening prayer of any other day. But, more striking still, is the fact that the absences from the two long preaching services on that same Lord's day, between the morning and evening prayers, are reduced to a minimum. There is but one absence from these two services. When one considers that a Sunday service at that period was by usage allowed three hours, and was rarely less than two hours in duration, and that the college prayer must have occupied on the average

¹ It should be noted that these words on college prayers were written several months before the change from compulsory to voluntary prayers was made at Harvard. No one could be more heartily glad than the author if the experiment there making should result in a healthy condition of college religious service.

thirty minutes, it is seen that from five to seven hours of religious worship, or the semblance of worship, were exacted of the Harvard students two hundred and twenty years ago. It certainly appears from this report that the sickness now so common on Sundays in colleges where compulsory attendance on prayers and worship exists had nothing corresponding to it in those days; that the Sundays were rather days characterized by a sudden accession of physical vigor, as otherwise the young men who had been absent, presumably from illness, on the immediately preceding days would hardly have advanced in such unbroken ranks to the arduous labors of the Lord's day. That such attendance was arduous, and that some students were quite exhausted by it, may be inferred from the fact that numerous absences are recorded as occurring on the next Monday morning prayers.

What I do really infer from that monitor's report is something confirmed by many other signs, that formal religious worship has now everywhere lost its hold, as compared with two hundred years ago. I do not affirm that this is wholly bad. I do not say that these days are not better than those; but the expression of reverence tends to keep the sentiment alive, and I beg you not to believe that there is anything degrading or dishonorable to any student if the institution which he enters require him once a day to lift his thought away from merely secular discipline for a few moments in the recognition of the Maker of heaven and earth, or in honor of the Christ whose life and death have made the world so much nobler and sweeter for you and me. So long as I uncover my head in recognition of the purity and grace of true womanhood, so long as I lift my hat before any wise

and gracious teacher, so long would I reverently acknowledge the relations which I, as a member of an institution, sustain to Him in whose honor and for whose service that institution was founded. Nor is there anything more compulsory in the one case than in the other. I do not uncover my head to purity in woman or nobility in man except in accordance with the usage of the society in which I live. I may do it voluntarily or reluctantly; but there is a law of society which I do not disobey without suffering the penalty. I can, if I choose, be a boor, but I shall have the boor's reputation. An educational institution not bound by accepted trusts can throw off formal reverence, and there are many who do it; but if a college is, by its history, pledged to maintain required worship, and I enter that college, and am a participant in its privileges and its honors, I acquire no right to denounce or oppose its worship. It is the indifference of our students — and sometimes of alumni — to the history of the past and to the opinions and enactments of the older and wiser, who have the responsibility of historic trusts, that, issuing in a rude iconoclasm, causes anxiety for the future. It is better to endure a good deal that is irksome than to show a complete disregard for the convictions of those of whose self-denial we reap the golden fruits.

I have thought that the students of this decade in the nineteenth century are less respectful towards dignitaries than those of two centuries ago. But it is an assertion of the third president of Harvard College, Leonard Hoar, that Cotton Mather records that "the rectorship of a college is a troublesome thing." It is from him that he quotes that that scholarly sceptre has more care than gold (*plus curæ quam auri*), more

bother than silver (*plus sollicitudinis quam argenti*). "The young olive plants turned cudweeds, and, with great violations of the fifth commandment, set to travestie all that he said and did." Mather adds that "several very good men did improperly countenance the ungoverned youth in their ungovernableness." Alas! the combination between good men and cudweeds is apt to exist in every generation. But the antagonism that may arise against an occupant of high position does not prove that the position itself is not held in honor. The agitations that convulsed some parishes, and now and then a college, with respect to the head, were not incompatible with a profound reverence for clerical authority. A well-known story of the Rev. John Bulkley, who was ordained in 1703 minister of the church in Colchester, Conn., attests this reverence: A church, weakened by internal dissensions and on the eve of an open rupture, applied to him by letter for counsel. He replied; but he happened to be writing also to a tenant on a distant farm, and, by some blunder, the tenant's letter was sent to the church, and the church's letter to the tenant. The church was called together and the important missive was brought forth. The presiding officer read as follows: "You will see to the fences that they be high and strong, and you will take especial care of the old black bull." The language seemed a little mystical, says our narrator; but one good brother, wiser than the rest, soon arose and said: "Brethren, this is just what we need. We have neglected our fences too long: all sorts of strange cattle have come in among us, and, with the rest, that old black bull, the devil, who has made us all this trouble. Let us repair our fences and drive him out." Following that advice,

from that day on the church prospered. Such was the honor paid to the oracles and the oracle-givers a century ago.

Such a command over society as these clerical monarchs exercised was, like every other kingship, by the grace of God; and it was only by those divines who regarded that grace as the title to their crown that such a potent sceptre was wielded. For it is always true that the prevailing quality in a mind evokes the same quality from others. As iron sharpeneth iron, so does wit enkindle wit, so does courage quicken courage, so does reverence beget reverence. I recall certain actors in the last decade or two whose passing from the stage was like the setting of a sun, and seemed to the cultured, for a time at least, to leave the world in darkness. There was Agassiz, the scientist, in our own country, the key to whose career finds expression in a brief sentence like this: "A physical fact is as sacred as a moral principle;" and whose long, busy, and brilliant life was in every act a recognition of divine goodness; who died (whether we believe in evolution or not, we must admire his opposition) fighting for the recognition of the manifestation of mind and goodness in all nature. There was Guizot, the French publicist and statesman, so sure of the transcendent nature of mind and of the immortality of the souls in which purity and goodness dwell, as to have no manner of doubt, in the very presence of death, that he should by and by meet again those whom he had loved so tenderly, and from whom the temporary separation was so painful.

There was the less known, but intensely loved, Clerk Maxwell, the English mathematician, gentle and courteous, but profound, who had examined with

piercing scrutiny all the hypotheses of science with regard to the origin of the universe, and pronounced them all untenable so far as they refused to acknowledge a creator of matter, a personal author of goodness in human life.

There was Skobeleff, the Russian general, who honored his father and mother, who respected the possibilities of greatness in a common soldier, was devoted with ardor to the ideal of a Slavie empire, and worshipped God. Such reverent, kneeling figures receive the honors of mankind, not those who do not know a difference between mind and matter, and who find in humanity not merely the symbol, but the totality of divinity.

It was the same of one whose life may be described as an aspiration after, and attainment of, communion with the God man. It is said that several friends, being together, and raising the question whom of all their acquaintance they would wish to be with them at the hour of death, wrote, each and all, without knowing what name the others wrote, Frederick Denison Maurice.

So in literature the names "not born to die" are of those whose souls were open to the coming of heavenly visions, such as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth. The greatest pantheist in literature, thus far, is Goethe; and that pantheism turns the sharp edges of moral discernment may, I think, be learned from him. But pantheism is not in all results irreverent. The most reverent poem of the age, Tennyson's "In Memoriam," is the best beloved. The most reverent pictures of the Renaissance have the deepest hold on the heart of the passing generations.

One morning, twelve years ago, a critic stood before the Sistine Madonna at Dresden, — that picture which has been reproduced in a thousand forms, and which is as familiar in most of your homes as the name of the short-lived Raphael, its immortal author, — the picture in which the mystery of the Incarnation seems wonderfully expressed in the deep awe and love of the mother and the celestial beauty of the child. This critic, standing there, demonstrated, as he supposed, to an astonished group of listeners (but certainly to his own complete satisfaction) that this picture is only a second-rate painting, and that the multitude who admire this picture do not understand high art. But while the song of the angels on the first Christmas morning remains the hymn of the ages, the love of men and women will abide with this highest expression of the union of the human and the divine, — with this beautiful symbol of the perfect revelation of a Father's love for his erring children.

Count no philosophy as true that does not include love, hope, fear; that does not issue in honor for something higher than pure force or intellect, even for goodness. Count no literature as noble that does not regard the moralities, the everlasting yea and nay, that does not recognize these as the expression of a lawgiver. Cold, *blasé* indifference to the old-fashioned domestic virtues is not merely contemptuous of society, it disobeys the oracle, "Know thyself," which knowledge, if thorough, teaches the reverence of self and of one's fellow-man. The human race has in every age been busy with discoverable laws and methods that have existence in environing matter, but it has also studied itself and the aspirations that lay hold of the infinite. The solution of the questions pertaining to

environment come later and are of less importance than the answers to the questions pertaining to ideal relations to human duties. The law of gravitation was of less moment to man than the law of love, and something like the law of love has found utterance in very early thinkers on morals. The inculcation of reverence is as old as the monotheism of the Hebrews, and has still in their documents most vigorous promoters. Reverence, as there taught, is the highest activity of the moral nature, knowing and admiring "the divine impersonation of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness:" the supreme, energizing Reason, on whom the universe depends.

Young gentlemen of Phillips Academy, I fear you may regard me as preaching you a sermon, but I cannot finish this address without giving a little sharper point to my sentences. Dr. James Martineau, in his recent admirable book, entitled, "Types of Ethical Theory," enumerates the primary sentiments as three in ascending order: "Wonder asking for causality, Admiration directed upon beauty, and Reverence looking up to transcendent goodness." All that I have said has been intended to enforce this division and order of gradations, to make plain that the nation or the man, be he philosopher, statesman, author, or artist, failing in reverence,—the highest sentiment that can animate our nature,—misses the crown of true greatness. Young men of your age are not usually deficient in reverence. "Hold fast that thou hast that no man take thy crown," is a word that may well have reference to reverence. If your thinking should be governed only by the search for causes, if your reverence should give place to mere wonder, you will dwell in the dark caverns of materialistic

philosophy, where many in these days are proud to dwell, or you will, perhaps, reach a blank agnosticism, — a lonely island in a shoreless sea.

But there is a more subtle danger awaiting you. The cold mechanism of unfeeling thought has dwarfed thousands, but the admiration for beauty has poisoned tens of thousands. Literature and art have their fascinations, and, when guided by a reverent spirit, are incalculable blessings to human life. But so deceitfully similar in outward appearance is the delight in beauty to the enthusiasm for goodness, that men in all ages have been inclined to substitute beauty for goodness. Goodness exacts obedience, self-denial. You may be an acute critic without great imagination. You cannot keep the deepest reverence without a good conscience. You may become a Hellenist, and your ethics may be merged in æsthetics. Tito Melema, in George Eliot's "*Romola*," illustrates the career and tragic end of one who subordinates moral excellence to æsthetical enjoyment. Wonder and admiration were the leading motives in the brilliant intellectual life of the Greeks. Did they not give hemlock to goodness and ostracize the just? You may lament with Schiller the gods of Greece, or proclaim with Matthew Arnold that the Christ is dead. Pessimism will subtly tinge your thinking, as you linger about decaying pagan shrines or crumbling monasteries; but I am not sure that the virile Titanism of agnostic wonder is not better than this elegiac admiration. Would you be more than seekers for causes or admirers of beauty, even men? Then obey moral law and keep your highest reverence for the Author of goodness, and for that form of goodness, self-denial for others, on which He has set the highest

value. Read and study the lives of men who have been heroically good. Pay deference, not patronage, to the good, to the wisdom of old age, to the purity of womanhood, to the confiding sweetness of childhood. Do not think that worship is childish: it is manly; it is the highest act of manhood, if the object worshipped be supremely good. Remember that "our personal ideal stretches wider with the stature of the beings we behold." Remember this parting word: The most valuable books that have been written for the race are the simple lives by the four Evangelists of Jesus Christ, because, at the lowest estimate, they are the records of a perfect life wholly consecrated to the development of goodness in other lives; the records of a life laid down joyfully with sublime passion and agony in the fulfilment of that mission. These books, above all others, will develop in you, if carefully studied, the humility and reverence that, with their offspring, are the noblest characteristics of man.

MEN: MADE, SELF-MADE, AND UN- MADE.

*By E. J. Hall
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THERE are forms of life, both vegetable and animal, including certain races of men, that seem to be steadily deteriorating and to be destined in due time to become extinct. Possibly deterioration and ultimate extinction is to be the fate of every form of life now on earth. But there are species of life, vegetable, animal, and human, that through an indefinitely long past have steadily improved and are still developing into higher types. This is clearly the case with certain races of men. Their present stage in the scale of being is every way higher than it was twenty centuries ago; no reason yet appears why they may not continue to rise for centuries to come.

Whatever may be the influence of environment on progress, whether of individuals or nations, it is evident that none ever rise without the attractive power of ideals. Rational beings never rise except through aspirations after something ideally better than has yet been attained. All peoples and individuals alike have their ideals, and these determine the steps of character realized by them in life. Ideals and types are always the counterparts of each other. Knowing one, we may safely infer the other. The type is the index of the ideal; the ideal is the formative power of the type.

National ideals and types are, of course, immeasurably broader and more composite than those of individuals. An indefinite number of individuals may be taken from the same people, every one of whom in character and mind shall present a marked individuality of type, and yet the wider national type will so override the individual as to stamp them all with a common likeness. The Englishmen will all be unmistakably English; the Frenchmen, French; the Germans, German; distinguishable not half so much by differences of language as by diversities in type of thought, life, and character.

Innumerable varieties of ideals, national, tribal, and individual, have had sway in the world, and innumerable diversities of character are exhibited in history. The North American Indian has had his ideals of life, and has presented the Indian type of character; the modern Parisian has his ideals and presents his type; the old Roman of the days of the Republic and the Athenian of the time of Plato had theirs, and their types are distinctly pictured in history. All these, and thousands of others, have contributed and are now contributing to the ideals that are drawing our race onward and upward in its progress. But of all that has been contributed towards the making up of the higher ideals now ruling in the world, nothing is to be compared with the teachings of Christianity. Teaching first of all, as a fundamental truth, the blood-relationship of all races of men, Christianity commands every human being to cultivate, to the utmost of his ability, the development of every power of his soul in harmony with every other. In no other literature of the world do we find so exhaustively comprehensive a statement of all that

is requisite to the completest or most perfect manhood as we find in the writings of the New Testament. In these writings are also brief compends of injunctions looking towards the highest manhood. Thus, at one time, it is enjoined on us to give earnest heed to whatsoever things are true, or honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, and to whatever else good men, the world over, have regarded as a virtue or as praiseworthy. Again, we have an inventory of the characteristics of a perfect manhood in the injunctions to "add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity." At the foundation of all true character is an unshrinking faith in the unseen, that underlies and gives meaning to all that the senses make us acquainted with; and on this faith rests a solid structure of virtues, crowned and held together and beautified by an all-embracing charity.

The highest ideal of manhood that the world has yet seen now hovers before the minds of the Christian nations. But, alas! how extremely small the number of those who ever approximate a realization of it. With Herodotus of old, we may exclaim: "Plenty of men but few MEN (*Πολλοὶ μὲν ἄνθρωποι, ὀλίγοι δὲ ἄνδρες*)."

Geniuses may shoot above the common level, but they do not fill out the ideals of men. The ideal man is he in whom every endowment of his being is developed in harmony with every other, and each to the highest degree of which all are capable.

The one great aim of all education is, of course, to secure the highest style of men. In strict accord with a people's conception of the highest style will always

be its methods of education; and the nearer its approach to a realization of its conception, the more exact and philosophical will be its educational methods. The greatest glory of any nation, country, or time is its great men, — men who are great, not alone by great talents or by deeds of great daring, but by great excellence of character and by nobleness of purposes and acts. To multiply for itself such men is the great aim of a people's system of education.

The most elaborate training, however, quite too often fails to produce first-rate men. Not unfrequently persons of high mental endowments leave our educational institutions crowned with academic honors only to drop at once into the ranks of the commonplace and the forgotten. Criticisms of our educational methods abound, and bitter complaints are heard on every hand that they fail to secure to those subjected to them the efficiency and power of leadership which the educated are rightfully expected to possess. Not a few of the liberally educated, failing in what they have undertaken in life, are sneered at as the legitimate product of the schools and colleges. They have all of the form, but none of the power, of well-trained men. They are *made* men, who have been spoiled in the making. And what is it that has spoiled them?

The cause of failure doubtless sometimes lies in poor teaching. Some teachers have a marvellous faculty for repressing rather than educating the powers of their pupils. They treat their pupils as the muleteer treats his mules: most approving them when they are most passive and docile in receiving and carrying their packs. They seem to suppose that the true function of the teacher is to impart rather than to draw out and stimulate to acquisition. Languages,

especially the ancient classics, are too often taught as anatomists sometimes teach physiology, solely by dissection. The languages are treated as if they were literally, what they often are called, dead languages; as if, having long ago served their purpose as living tongues, their only use to us now is as illustrations of grammatical principles; and when they have served this purpose to the student, he is left to feel that, like the student of physiology with the cadaver when he is through with it, nothing else is to be done but to shovel the remains out of sight. Excessive doses of grammar have destroyed the appetite of many a student for the classics, so that he has dropped them from the day he ceased to study them in college. Another source of irreparable mischief in teaching is in the careless and slovenly work of men who make of teaching a temporary convenience for earning means to take them on to something else, — making it a mere stepping-stone to other and more congenial work. Indifferent to everything but their stipend, they glide in the most perfunctory way through all their offices as teachers, killing by their very indifference every springing germ of interest in their scholars. And I might add that others still, faultless in all the letter and minutiae of scholarship, and with the best of intentions as teachers, but naturally inert and self-contained, can awaken no enthusiasm in others, and succeed only in imparting of their own inertia to their pupils.

But of all places in our country where the ill-effects of defective teaching need to be dwelt on, this is the last. Indeed, what I have said might be regarded as irrelevant and ill-timed were it not that a characterization of the incompetent teaching, so common in

some parts of our land, may serve as a background on which the favored sons of this institution may the more clearly see and appreciate the rare excellence of the instruction here received.

But it is not alone through faults of teachers that so many of the educated, so many of the graduates of our colleges, find themselves unfitted for success in life. Still more frequently the fault has been entirely with the educated themselves. And it often begins at the outset of student life. The road of the nobodies is already entered on when a student is willing to let other people do his hard work for him. If he lets fellow-students work out his difficult problems for him, and unravel for him the mysteries of obscure passages in his translations, it will be easy to tell what his education will do for him. If he be content to submit himself in mere passivity to the carving hand of the professor, making no effort to acquire by his own exertions, it will not be difficult to foretell what he will have amounted to when professors shall have done with him. Docility is a prime quality in every good student; but docility and passivity are not identical. Receptivity is good; but receptivity with power to assimilate what is acquired, and multiply it, is far better. The pupil may present himself to the professor like a block of marble to be chiselled into form, or he may be like a tree which pruning and culture shall quicken into a healthier and more vigorous growth. Outward stimulus is all in vain without the inward energy that reacts and receives and assimilates. A stick may be whittled into the form of a man, but changed as it may be in form it will still be a stick of a man. Alas, that so many of the liberally educated prove to be only half-animate

figures into which they have been hewn, or chiselled, or carved, or whittled, by the diligent labors of long suffering and painstaking professors !

And yet, with the utmost efforts to promote individual development, it is marvellous how almost uniformly the individual is merged in the mass, — how almost identical are the mental, social, and moral stamps put upon all the graduates of any single institution of learning. Any one of its graduates will show you the general characteristics of all. All have been poured into the same mould, and the native force of some of them must have been sadly compressed. Carefully observing professors in our professional schools easily distinguish between the differing types of mind and character coming from the different colleges, — can almost determine with accuracy the college a student has come from so soon as they have had fair opportunity to gauge him. College professors, after due experience, can even make some very happy guesses as to which of the great preparatory schools a boy has come from when they have had opportunity to taste the quality of his preparation. Even different law schools put a not undiscernible difference of impress on their graduates. Theological schools put a most conspicuous difference of stamps on theirs. The stamps of those of the same communion differ widely. It was not therefore a wholly ungrounded caricature once made of a theological school, representing it as a grist-mill into whose hopper men of the most diverse stature, weight, and dress were being dropped, while from the farther side of the mill a long procession of clericals was emerging, every one of whom was precisely like every other in height, and weight, and carriage, and apparel. To cramp a man into likeness to

other men, is to cripple him, if not to unfit him, for any efficient service in this world. Teachers, like rescuers of the freezing, must force their pupils into self-exertion if they would save them.

Young men seeking an education are pretty sure to end in becoming mere *made* men when their ambition rests content with doing simply the tasks assigned for the recitation-room. Of course, the tasks should command the first attention. They are assigned for the best of reasons. If needed to master them, they should absorb one's whole attention. But the tasks are not for their own sakes. Made an end in themselves, they are sure to dwarf the doer of them into an intellectual puppet or a parrot. Multitudes of men are scattered throughout our country who were admirable at their tasks in every stage of their education and in every department of knowledge, — who even went forth as honor men from the halls of learning, — but who in all effective work in human society are hopeless failures. You find them at the bar and you find them in the pulpit; professors chairs are not without them; and they are not wanting in the halls of legislation, — admirably carved semblances of cultivated manhood, having all the shape and comeliness but not a whit of the living power of well-trained intellects. For them the work of the college and the schools was its own end; when it was finished they had "attained." They rested on their laurels. Their education, so far from fitting, simply unfitted them for the work which a waiting world had a right to expect from them.

The modern text-book and the misuse of it must not be forgotten in our search for an explanation of the many cases of inefficiency among the liberally educated. Countless text-books with endless "improve-

ments" is one of the most striking features of our modern methods of education. Reliance on text-books, with verbal recitations from them, is a special characteristic of prevailing methods of instruction. To recite from them accurately is, with many teachers, the sole test of perfect scholarship. Boys get the idea that the contents of the text-books concern them only as lessons for recitation, and that when the lessons have been learned the book will be of no more service to them than an old hat that has served its day. They get a sort of vague impression that all text-books, with their contents, have been made solely for school purposes. It was not a hopelessly stupid boy who asked if Professor Lincoln did not write the "Livy" which he had edited; and, if he did write it, why he made so many sentences that are obscure and difficult to translate? In extreme reliance on text-books verbal memory is cultivated to the comparative neglect of the other powers. And it is curious what a trick the memory has of retaining just so long as it is charged to do so and no longer, whatever is intrusted to it to be reproduced at a set time or on a given occasion. A lesson learned only for the recitation-room will be remembered till recited, and no longer. Hence the desperate cramming just prior to the term examinations. The empty mind is crowded with materials that the examinations will call for, and the memory will hold them till the examination is past, and then drop them. And hence, furthermore, the absurdity of relying solely on final examinations, however minute and extended, for determining either the amount and value of his acquisitions, or the degree of his mental discipline. And the absurdity is the same whatever the method of instruction, whether by text-book or by

lectures. Of all the methods yet devised for building up the hollow shells of manhood, — for moulding blank images of the real, — none has yet been devised comparable to the practice of relying on formal and final examinations, — examinations the sole preparation for which is special and elaborate cramming.

A partial corrective of many of the defects in our educational methods is sometimes very effectually administered by students themselves to one another. I mean the free, frank way in which they handle each other in their mutual criticisms. None are quicker than they to detect shams; none more prompt to puncture pretence; none more merciless, and, as a rule, none more just in their criticisms; and, to a healthy-minded boy, no criticisms are more wholesome. A boy that has run the gauntlet of criticisms from his fellow-students has received a training for the longer race of life that can come from no other source. He discovers that it is not so much what books and lessons are making of him that is criticized as it is what through use of books and lessons he is making of himself. It is a great and most useful discovery that a boy makes when the rough usage of his fellows awakens within him a sense of self-reliance and transforms a quietly receptive spirit into an eagerly acquisitive. Many a boy is saved by it from becoming a mere mummified product of formal teaching.

Much has been said and written in praise of self-made men, as contradistinguished from the college-bred. We are often reminded that many of the fathers of the American Republic were innocent of every form of academic training; that Patrick Henry, and Roger Sherman, and Benjamin Franklin, and

many others who did efficient service in laying the foundations of our national government were, in the strictest sense, self-made men; that Chief-Justice Marshall, the greatest jurist yet on the bench of the supreme court of the nation, was indebted to no college for his distinction; that George Washington, and Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln, and a host of lesser lights who have effectually served the Republic, were indebted to no academy or college in fitting themselves for their services; that Faraday, in England, the largest contributor to the advancement of science in his day, and some of England's greatest civil engineers, as well as Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed, two of the most distinguished of American journalists, all came up from lowly estates, not through the doorways of colleges, but by solitary vigils and by struggles with poverty and ignorance; and that in the highest councils of the American people to-day some of the leading minds are those that have known nothing of the training of the schools.

The largeness of the proportion of the self-made to the liberally educated in our national councils is one of the noteworthy signs of our time, and all the more remarkable that so large number of them are from states where colleges abound. Not a few of our United States senators have been, and still are, men who, with the very slender provisions of a common-school education, have worked themselves up, from the plough or from apprenticeships or clerkships, into the acquisition of kinds and degrees of knowledge that have given them a commanding influence with their college-bred associates. And it does not suffice to say that they got themselves elected through means to which the college-bred would not descend. Doubtless,

American politics are too often a dirty trade in which the right-minded and clean-handed will not engage. Intrigue and manœuvre may get one elected, but they never can endow with the attributes of statesmanship; they never can give preëminence of intellect and knowledge. And men soon find their level in the Senate, as they do elsewhere when associated with their peers. Nor, again, does it quite suffice to say that the really able men who have been liberally educated refuse to enter political life on account of the disagreeableness of the service, or that they are less acceptable to the great mass of electors than the self-trained. The truth is, our ablest men are not unwilling to serve the state, and, with rarest exceptions, the ruling parties are always glad enough to be represented by the ablest men they can find.

But a formal distinction between the self-made man and the educated is not a just one, and is misleading. All real education is necessarily in one sense self-education. Every man, the making of whom results in anything creditable, is in a real sense a self-made man. It matters not what one's natural endowments may be, nor what the advantages or disadvantages of his condition in life, if he ever rises to a well-developed and efficient manhood, it will be by his own exertions. His energy will be self-developed, his ability self-acquired, his mental resources accumulated by his own toil. Under God he will be his own maker.

And it stands to reason that one's progress under good teachers will always be safer and swifter than if he grope his way by himself alone. With due self-exertion, the more and the better his teachers, the farther will he advance and the wider will be his vision as he goes on. The advantage of the academy and

the college is not that they make men, but that they greatly hasten the process of self-making. They are both time-saving and labor-saving; but that is all. The man who understandingly begins life with their help starts with immense advantage over him who begins single-handed. Other methods of education than those of the schools give them time enough, will develop intellect and character; but they are methods which are more laborious and circuitous, and uncertain in their results. No sensible man who has educated himself without the aid of the schools, whatever the degree of his self-developed energy and strength or the extent of his knowledge, can fail to see how time might have been saved by good teachers, and how certain defects of character might have been remedied by association with classmates. It is a significant fact that the so-called self-made men are very willing their sons should have the advantages of a liberal education.

But the full advantages of the academy and the college come only on conditions which the student himself alone can supply. They can be thrust on no one; no one can supply them except by strenuous effort. Let us notice for a moment what some of these are.

The first of them is a mastery of whatever is professedly learned. A fatal error at any stage of education, and under any method of it, is contentment with a half understanding of what one has in hand. It is an error that repeats and multiplies itself at every successive step. The boy who is content to know only in part, and to guess at the rest, is certain to end in becoming a man who is never sure of anything. The boy who leads in school and in college, and after-

wards, if true to himself, may lead in the community and the state, is the boy who is satisfied with nothing but exact knowledge, and completeness of knowledge, so far as attainable, of whatever he undertakes to learn. He is not the boy who is content with knowing just enough of his lesson to pass muster in the recitation-room. He masters it, and, having mastered it once, has mastered it for life. Every advancing step is amid increasing light and with a growing sense of victory. He makes himself. Men who, under teachers or without them, have ever come to anything really valuable in this world, have always been men who were intent on knowing what they undertook to learn, and on mastering what they undertook to acquire. They studied, not merely to pass with a teacher, but to acquire the real knowledge which alone could carry them whither they wished to ascend. Faraday, the poor newspaper carrier and apprentice boy, attending lectures on natural philosophy through the charity of an elder brother, was eager to understand all that could be known on the subjects discussed, and became, by his persistency, the most successful experimenter and discoverer in science of his time. Benjamin Franklin, the apprentice printer boy, wished to improve himself in English composition, bought an odd volume of the "Spectator," read and re-read its essays with closest attention; reading carefully an essay to-day and noting its thoughts, he would try several days afterwards to reproduce it in language of his own, comparing his reproduction with the original for correction, and he became the master of an easy, natural style and a voluminous writer. If more of our boys in the schools, of the same age that Franklin was when he did this (in his fifteenth year), would work

with equal diligence and patience in improving their style of writing, fewer of them, at their graduation from college, would make the wretched work so often made in the use of their mother tongue. Nothing is ever really mastered without an unyielding determination, and it is marvellous what a resolute purpose can accomplish. Joseph Justus Scaliger went, in his nineteenth year, to Paris to study Greek under the instruction of the noted Turnebus. Soon finding his progress too slow to be satisfactory, he shut himself up in his chamber, mastered Homer, we are told, in twenty-one days, and within two years all the classical Greek extant, — having committed all the poets to memory. I cannot say that I believe Scaliger did all this, prodigy as he was in memory; but every one who, while learning lessons in a language, is intent on mastering the language itself, will speedily find how great is the difference between being made and making one's self a scholar. Be not afraid, therefore, young gentlemen, of committing your Homer and your Horace to memory and spouting their verses in the fields and reciting them to one another in your walks. So learned, they will be yours so long as your days shall last.

Another condition requisite to effective self-making is, never to cower in one's studies before any difficulties however great. To rely on others is fatal. To clear up one obscurity by your own penetration is worth more to you than to have a dozen made luminous by the intelligence of another. He who once learns to untie knots and remove difficulties for himself soon finds that they become increasingly rare as he advances; he who asks others to remove his obstacles for him soon finds them multiplying as he proceeds. A healthy self-reliance is rarely, if ever, want-

ing in self-made men whose making has resulted in anything worth speaking of. And it never is found in men who rely on others to do their hard things for them. Strength and self-reliance, like everything else in the human soul, grow by use, and nothing calls them into use like courageously facing and overcoming whatever taxes intellect and patience in their removal. It certainly is not the easiest studies that most develop strength of intellect, and it is not the most difficult that bring out the finer mental graces. Harmony of studies alone gives harmony of mental traits. Men who are self-made outside of the schools give their attention successfully to one study or another, according as they discover in themselves some gaping deficiency. Abraham Lincoln said of himself: "When I came of age I did not know much. The little advance that I now (1859) have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity." Without the aid of masters and professors the disadvantages under which one labors in getting an education are almost incomputable; in a well-ordered academy and college, where the various branches of knowledge are so adjusted to one another that instruction in each comes at the right time, the advantages to a student are beyond estimate; but neither in the one case nor the other can a symmetrical intellect and character ever be developed except through an energy of purpose that will not shrink from the severest toil.

Again, a habit of clear thinking is always indispensable in developing a high order of intellect, whether under teachers or without them. Clear thought for the mind, like pure air for the lungs, always invigorates. A boy who is content with seeing things ob-

scurely will go into life with an obtuse mental vision, that will betray him into endless blunders. To hear or read the renderings sometimes made of Greek and Latin into English, one would think the old Greeks and Romans must have been a very muddy-minded people: whereas, of all men who ever used language, none probably were ever more lucid and exact in expressing their thoughts; and no languages were ever better fitted for precision than the Latin, or for expressing all of the endlessly varying shades of thought of which mind is capable than the Greek. No man ever comes into possession of real mental power, or of mental resources worth having, who has not been accustomed to exact attention to whatever engages him, and to exact statement to himself of what he thinks he has learned. From the penalty of inattention and careless observation there is no escape. Nature, always punctiliously exact in all her operations, is mercilessly impatient of every slovenly son of man who is inattentive to her laws, whether of matter or of mind; kindly to the studious, she is ever ready to disclose to him her secrets. Some of her laws are so plainly written that all who run may read them; others are so hidden that only the inquisitive and clear-sighted see them. Depth and clearness of insight, decisive marks of trained intellect, come only to him who assiduously seeks to acquire them. Good teaching may assist in the acquisition; but they never are acquired except by persistent endeavor. Nothing contributes more directly to their acquisition than earnest discussions with fellow-students. Intellects in collision sharpen each other and whet thoughts into precision. Sir James Mackintosh and Robert Hall, two of the brightest intellects of their day, were fellow-students

at Aberdeen. Month after month they read together, and "debated with the utmost intensity" questions suggested by their reading. Both of them were accustomed in after-years to refer to these discussions as having been to them of the utmost value.

But whatever the process and whatever the product in the making of men, one of the saddest aspects of human life is the number of the well-made who finally unmake themselves, and end their days in ultimate ruin of both mind and character. But let it ever be remembered that personal ruin comes neither by fate nor by fiat. Not even omnipotence can destroy rightly built character. No lightning bolt can shatter it, no flood drown it, no fire consume it. It is indestructible, except by him who has formed it. Only the man himself can destroy himself. Personal ruin, moreover, comes not as sudden catastrophe, but as the result of causes, hidden it may be, but long at work. Human wrecks are not wrought in an hour. It was not a sudden and new-born impulse that prompted Lord Bacon to offer his smooth palm for the bribe that has blackened his name forever. The cinders and molten lava of the volcano are not born of a single day's burning.

Guard, then, against the little beginnings of vice. Watch against the lodgment in your minds of those microbes of evil that so often float in the moral atmosphere of the school and the college. Evil thoughts are sure in due time to breed evil deeds. Man also is social; the social prompts to the convivial; the convivial adds to its festivities the cup of exhilaration. The exhilaration may be a very little flame at the first, but lighted often it speedily blazes into an all-consuming fire. And so of all the sensual appetites: yielded

to in youth they are sure to dominate in manhood; once dominant their beastly hoofs are sure in time to trample all goodness and beauty into the mire.

But it is not alone a collapse of character that is to be guarded against: a lesser but still a deplorable calamity, not unfrequently befalling educated men in our time, is a species of intellectual bankruptcy, — a bankruptcy in some cases foreseen and foretold, as when one seeks to prepare himself for a profession by the shortest cut possible and simply to gain a livelihood; in other cases, a bankruptcy unexpected and utterly disappointing, as when one proposing to prepare himself for a profession resolves to enter on the practice of it only after the completest preparation that the highest industry can secure. As a student he outstrips his fellows, acquiring with rapidity and retaining with ease. His literary and scientific studies are finished with applause. His professional training is passed through with great credit and the functions of the chosen profession are assumed. To these functions is given an undivided attention. They absorb the whole man. The studies that engrossed him in the academy and roused him to enthusiasm in college have dropped out of mind. College books that were not sold when finished are thrown aside as lumber. The *imago* of the insect is not more removed from its *larva* state than this professional man from his school-days. The connection between the two periods is not that of continuous and consciously organic growth, but of an unconscious metamorphosis. The student has been lost in the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, the editor, the engineer. Here and there one rises to the full, rounded distinction of both scholar and professional man, a few attain to eminence as masters of

the technicalities of their professions ; but a countless number sink into mere professional hacks, — prostituting their professions into mere livelihood trades, — of whom the great public soon wearies and refuses to take account. The wealth of learning which they began to accumulate with such fair promise, husbanded and added to, would have enriched life and increased their power ; but they are intellectual bankrupts.

And yet even to these the training of the school-room and of the college has been invaluable. They gave a mental discipline and useful knowledge which could have been obtained in no other way. Even the professional hack is a better hack for having been well trained in intellect. Without due mental discipline neither the principles involved in the professions could have been properly understood, nor the functions required have been intelligently performed ; and without the drudgery of the schools the requisite mental discipline would have remained unattainable ; and among all the studies yet open to man none seem so completely capable of fulfilling at once the double office of discipline and of subsequent usefulness in life as those languages on which the existing literatures of the world more or less directly rest, and those sciences out of which are daily springing the discoveries and inventions that are fast changing the face of the whole earth, and serving as vehicles of the thoughts that are to transform into neighbors and brothers all the races of mankind.

THE IDEAL SCHOLAR.

My theme is the Ideal Scholar. In treating of it I propose to answer such questions as these: What is it to be a scholar in the broad acceptance of the term, especially in the times in which we live? What are the characteristic features of the type of manhood which this ideal implies? What are the subjective conditions of success in the scholar's inward habits, his peculiar training, his self-command, his enthusiasm, docility, and diligence? What are the outward appliances and external circumstances that are equally essential, as the control of his time, exemption from sordid cares, from bodily ailments, and destructive habits? Again, what spheres of interest or activity are essential to the conception of the scholar in these days of divided and subdivided labor, of minute observation and limited attention, when a single sphere of erudition or a single science is deemed wide enough for the most aspiring and industrious? Shall anything like a broad and generous culture be hoped for or desired? If so, in what shall it consist? What are the studies and aims which it should propose? and How far may this ideal be realized?

It might seem at first thought that the appellation of scholar has less significance at the present time than formerly, for the reason that the diffusion of in-

telligence can no longer be specially limited to a few. All the world, it is said, now goes to school, consequently all the world are equally scholars. It is mere assumption for any one man to call himself a scholar by eminence on the ground of any special study, or any particular amount or quality of knowledge. There was a time when learning was the profession of the few, and was supposed to impart to its possessor a mysterious power over nature, or privilege with kings, or mastery over demons, or priestly favor with God. The scholar in the old time stood forth in the boldest relief from among the common herd, and bade them hear his voice and follow his call; but nowadays all men are supposed to be equally instructed. Certainly all sit in critical judgment on their teachers and lend their ears, while the man who would presume to address or instruct them must beg a hearing with his hat in his hand.

We accept these suggestions for all they are worth, while we insist that the devotion of the life to the acquisition of knowledge and the guidance and instruction of others requires and forms men of a marked and peculiar type. This type is none the less significant and important in these days when knowledge is universal than it was when the teacher was a necromancer, the scribe was the pliant or treacherous servant of his sovereign, and the priest was either a hypocrite or a bigot before God. We contend that the existence of a community of men, more or less educated themselves, supposes and demands another class of men whose culture is wider and more profound, both special and general, whose sharpened wit, ample generalizations, responsive sympathy, and prying scrutiny are at hand to examine and to judge, to

help and to hinder the aspirants after elementary knowledge, and to diffuse truth of every sort among those who are capable of understanding their words. In other words, for the very reason that knowledge is more thorough, more varied and widely diffused, it follows that we need and must produce a class of men who deserve to be called scholars by eminence, and who require a broad and thorough training. We contend for the old-fashioned significance of the product and the education which produces it. It does not follow that the word college stands for the same idea when we speak of Harvard College or a business college, or that a university has the same import with a high-school because in the German language it is often so called, or that a man becomes a scholar by pursuing a specialty for a few months even under the ablest teachers and side by side with those who are scholars indeed.

We assume at the outset that it will *take time* to make real an ideal like this. It is a long road on which a boy enters who is marked out for scholarship, especially in these days when to be a scholar must mean so much, and when to master a single branch of knowledge engrosses and exhausts a lifetime. While it is true that now and then an individual enters this career in late youth or in early manhood and makes a brilliant success, seeming with a stride to overtake and distance those who have been years in the race, it is usually true that those who begin very early find in this a special advantage. This is not alone nor chiefly because they add years to their time as time, but because the early years of life are golden in respect to the special activities which they require, and the peculiar acquisitions which they make possible. In child-

hood, if it is normal, the memory of words and dates works as easily as breathing. Facts simply as facts write their records upon the passive brain as swiftly as they pass. Whatever we hear or see is recalled as spontaneously as it is gained. Under this law nature provides for the accumulation of those materials which will subsequently be needed, when time is cheap and labor ought to be play, and each day is a brief eternity of being, and each experience of life leaves its sharp-cut stamp upon the memory — furnishing the creative fantasy with exhaustless materials to work upon and manipulate when reason shall come to the front.

If these early opportunities for special gains are not used, they can never be replaced. Memory and fancy are insensibly displaced by judgment and thought. The radiant dawn, with its varied and roseate hues, insensibly fades away before the steady light of the sober day. It is desirable to begin the scholar's life early for another reason. Even were it not true that certain activities and achievements can be better achieved in the early years, there would be reason enough in the fact that there is so much work to be done why we cannot begin too soon if we begin wisely.

We also assume that success in the scholar's life depends on two conditions: the springs of action, as the feelings and purposes, on the one hand; and the machinery and the materials of action, as the intellectual powers and achievements, on the other. Both of these are in part the gifts of nature: in respect to the strength of the one, and the reach and penetration of the other. The two act and react on one another in the entire course of the scholar's training. It is hard to

say which is the more important from the beginning to the end; but it is clear that both claim to be considered as elements which give character to the product.

With these premisings, our subject divides itself into the two leading heads of *the teachers* and *the studies* of the Ideal Scholar, using both in the largest and most liberal sense, and considering both as addressing the springs of action as truly as they instruct the pure intellect.

We begin with the scholar's *teachers*: the first and most important of which are those which are furnished by the home. We do not begin our life alone. We inherit from other generations a stock of impulses and powers which represent the past, and which pass into our life under the mysterious law which we name heredity. As we awake to conscious life we are surrounded by an atmosphere of influence and teachings which seem to give that set to our aims and that direction to our activities which become the nucleus of our individual life, and from which all the tissue of this subsequent life is developed into a separate personality. Every Ideal Scholar should have a home to which he can trace more or fewer of those strong impulses which have made him to be what he is, and in which he has gained the definite convictions that are the deep foundations of his intellectual life. It now and then happens that some street Arab or homeless orphan stumbles upon a scholar's career and wins a scholar's renown. Whenever this occurs it is because nature somehow supplies an exception which by its manifest import proves the rule to be true, — strangely furnishing some substitute for a father's wisdom or a mother's tenderness. Ordinarily, we say with confidence, the Ideal Scholar has a normal home,

and finds in that home more or fewer of the controlling impulses and guidance which enter into his subsequent life. The ideal scholar's home may not be a home of leisure or ease, or what is commonly called culture, but it must be pervaded by high aims, by a just estimate of knowledge as possessing an intrinsic dignity and worth when compared with shows and shams of any kind, and of the value of truth and honor as contrasted with trickery and finesse. The inmates of the home may none of them be technically educated in book knowledge. They may be neither profound in science nor versed in literature, and yet they may cherish profound convictions of the value of both as the condition of the highest manhood. To this is usually added the conviction that a well-cultured mind and an enlightened character are better securities for what is called success in life than any other advantages. It is from homes like these that scholars usually proceed, not necessarily poor in wealth, but, though poor, still rich in the possession of the highest aims, and sustained by the enthusiasm of moral self-respect and just ambitions. If they are also endowed with wealth and refined by art and ease, they are yet more ennobled by just conceptions of the worth of character and usefulness as the best accomplishments which wealth can buy or culture can adorn.

There is many a homely or dilapidated house in New England that is pointed out as the early home of one who was distinguished in his youth as the scholar of his hamlet or village, who subsequently won a noble name by some form of learned or active usefulness of which a scholar's habits were the necessary foundation. If you ask what there was in that home

which made him great, you will find that everything was there which was required for this end: the noble aims which were kindled in his mind by father or mother or other inmate, and the teachings or habits which were inculcated as essential to their realization. It was not that the parents were themselves scholars, or in any accepted sense persons of culture. Their books might have been few, their reading scanty, their acquaintance with men and science limited. Some books they had: always the Book of books, with the poetry and pathos, the eloquence and philosophy, which it is ever ready to impart to the responsive soul; and, in addition, Milton and Cowper, or, mayhap, Shakespeare in well-thumbed volumes, or Baxter, or Watts. In these volumes the fervent father or the imaginative mother found many striking thoughts and burning words concerning this life and the next, and the aims and inspiration that are befitting to both, which one or both had contrived to impart to the docile son, — waking once for all the glowing ideals which guided and warmed his subsequent life.

If you require an example, read the story of Daniel Webster's youth, and as you visit his early home call to mind what thoughts were awakened in his mind under the shadows of the dark forest by the teachings of his father and mother, which he cherished with grateful reverence through all the years of his culminating renown. Or think of the plain home of Theodore Parker in historic Lexington, or the home more refined of William Channing near the resounding beach of the twice historic Newport. Or ponder the story of Thomas Carlyle and of his lifelong idolatry of his father and mother, and the filial reverence which he cherished for both to the end of his life, plain and

in a sense uncultured as they were. Remember how there was nothing the latter valued so much in the midst of his London life as the oatmeal from the old home, — the walls of which were laid by his father's hands, — and this not so much for the oatmeal as for the inspiration of his mother, and the solid sense of the father, which it so distinctly revived. Read the lives of Emerson and Hawthorne, and you will find that the secret impulses of the life of both were found in the homes of each and were in each case marked and unique, in both cases unmistakable and strong. Recall to your minds the many splendid examples of scholarly achievement in which English and American history abound; and you will find the same old story continually repeated, that whenever there have been notable achievements in the world of thought these may usually be traced to some inspiring incitement that has been kindled in the nursery or by the fire-side.

From the home we pass to *the school* as the place where our Ideal Scholar encounters formal instruction and comes in contact with the professional teacher. We employ here no conventional terms, but include in the school every form of task-work which is assigned to the scholar as a preparation for his active life, beginning with the first formal lessons which the family furnishes, and ending with the final thesis with which he justifies his title to teach a fellow-man in a public career. We include in the discipline of the school those easy lessons which are softened by a mother's indulgence, and the hard and dry tasks which are imposed by the merciless master. They are all alike — the daily recitations for which we are compelled to prepare, the fearful examinations from which

there is no escape and no excuse, the pertinacious scrutiny which the impersonal examiner draws out into a lengthened torture — they are all alike in this, that they require the achievement of some task which ordinarily involves labor against a specified time of trial and test. Whatever this task may be, it is all the same in principle and aim, and that is, the enforcement of some mental activity for a definite achievement, whether it is an effort of memory, of discrimination, of reasoning, or some form of creative power.

The school implies *a teacher*, and a teacher, it is presumed, knows more and can think better than his pupils, and should never release his pupil till he equals or surpasses himself. One office of the teacher is to assign some form of activity to his pupil, giving him all the aid that is consistent with this rule, — usually an activity which involves effort and often some duty which is to be done against a fixed time, for the simple reason that it is by making such definite efforts that the pupil gains acquisition, alertness, discrimination, self-control, and power. While it is true that school-tasks differ greatly in their rigor, it should ever be remembered, indeed it should be inscribed in letters of bronze over schools of every kind, "*If you give up tasks you might as well dismiss the school.*" This is equally true whether the school is a kindergarten or a university. It is true, indeed, that the tasks prescribed in the kindergarten differ from those prescribed in the university; but both are tasks, albeit the first are set to music, and the second are attended by no music except the moans of reluctant nature or of the exasperated will. We may allow to the scholar a choice between his tasks, so far as he knows his own powers or purposes, or has a right to consult them.

We simply insist that when they are set or assumed they must be enforced, and that the logic which justifies the teacher in constraining the pupil to achieve any task may also justify him in assigning and enforcing a fixed curriculum as the basis and condition of what men call scholarship. Of what this should include we will speak later. At present we affirm the right and duty in general, which, indeed, no man will deny.

And yet so much is said in these days against the principle of constraint and compulsion in both school and university life, so much is urged in favor of freedom and choice that I may be excused for dwelling for a moment on what seems to me the essence and ideal of life at school. Let us, then, for a moment shake ourselves clear of all associations with the rod or the dungeon, and form to ourselves the most roseate images of the means of enforcement. Then let us ask and seek to answer the question, Why should the schoolma'am or the college professor assume to prescribe and enforce our lessons at all? Why not leave both the selection and the acquisition to the fancy or the choice of the pupil? Simply, we reply, because the world of life for which the school professes to prepare abounds in tasks, and unless the school anticipates this discipline the best preparation for life cannot be achieved. Day by day the physician, the lawyer, the clergyman, and the man of business, nay, even the teacher himself, meets and is confronted by his daily lessons. Even the gentleman who sets his own tasks can only pass the time which he desires to kill by making engagements, even if he does not fulfil them; and even he, should he go too far in remissness, will be visited with summary disgrace. It is

true we are not marked for our failures in life after the fashion of the school; but the marks are deeper and more lasting, and often incapable of erasure. If we lift our thoughts above the sense-world, are we not taught by nature and conscience that life itself is a series of duties assigned to each of us under the "Great Taskmaster's eye"?

I find the same conception of the relation of school discipline to the activities of life expressed by the brother of the founder of this school in the fundamental constitution of the sister academy, when he describes its object to be "to teach the great end and business of living," showing in this that he not only had a clear insight into the end of schooling of every sort, but also discerned that the most important thing which we learn at school is not Greek or Latin, or algebra or geometry, but how to meet the duties of life promptly, thoroughly, and satisfactorily, — life, in his view, being a series of tasks which, if we face them resolutely and faithfully, will at last become our play. We may say what we will about compulsory study, and compulsory attendance, and compulsory preparation. We may succeed in driving tasks out of our schools and colleges; but we cannot succeed in driving them out of life. It were a pity to choose to forego them in the days of youth; for it will be all the more difficult to meet them later.

The teacher, one or many, does not make the school, nor do his lessons or his example furnish the scholar's entire ideal. Sometimes, indeed, by the breadth of his acquisitions and the force of his character, he is both ideal and inspiration to all whom he instructs, so that they bless him while he lives, and honor his name when he is dead. But even then he does not exhaust

or hinder the inspirations which came from another source. You send your son to the schoolmaster, says Emerson, but it is his *schoolfellow* who teaches him. Much as this seems to signify, its meaning and truth grow upon us the more we think of its breadth of import. It is at the school that the pupil makes his first personal and definite acquaintance with the great world without the household. Before school-time begins, the world within those limits had been moulded so gradually with his growing consciousness as to seem a part of himself and almost to blend with the earth and sky. But so soon as the boy enters the school and definitely faces his kind, say a dozen or more, with looks of wonder, or sympathy, or defiance, there gradually dawns upon his awakened mind the knowledge of what public sentiment may signify, with its smiles and its frowns; of the laws which it imposes, with its doctrines of rights, its claims of property; and all the manifold experiences in miniature which social manhood is forced to make for itself, and out of which emerge the boy's first conceptions of law and government, of his duties and his rights. Gradually the world of one's school-fellows becomes the most important world, often the only human world that the growing boy cares for in his years of "storm and stress." Between the class-room and the playground it is the only world with which he has much to do or greatly cares for, whether he dreams or is awake. For within its limits he finds ample material for his loves and hates, his plans and achievements, and upon its varied occupations he lavishes all the resources of his never-exhausted youth. Within this luxuriant field of the fermenting common life of every school and college there spring up and grow together the golden wheat

and the poisonous weed, noble resolves and hateful passions, generous aims and vile conspiracies, common movements which kindle and fan the flames of a noble enthusiasm, or single-handed heroism which defies a maddened crowd. If the social tide sets strongly in the right direction, the voice of the community is the voice of God; if it moves strongly toward evil, its temporary triumphs only prepare the way for a disastrous and conspicuous defeat.

The educating force of these influences with our Ideal Scholar is sufficiently obvious. It is not alone the teacher, nor the text-books, nor the manifold other appliances which make or mar the best development, but most of all it is the *common social life* with which the scholar is surrounded that silently shapes and energizes his inner being. Within this charmed circle those school and college friendships are formed which so often become friendships for life. It usually happens — it always happens if the spirit is of finer mould — that some single companion is sooner or later found who becomes the other self. With common tasks and common aims, each finds in the other the complement of himself, as each reflects the other's tastes or supplies his defects. One school or college friend, or perhaps a little group of zealous scholars, animated by common purposes or ardently following common studies, have sometimes done more for one another's scholarly achievements than an army of learned professors, or the costliest outfit of books or apparatus. Not that the latter may not for many purposes be indispensable, but that the former are always fraught with elemental fire.

The great schools of England and her greater universities have done immensely more for the scholar-

ship of England, or, rather, for the scholars of England, by the intense and pervasive common life which they have sustained, than by every other provision for culture and inspiration. If you do not believe this, read with intelligence the scores, or, as I should say, the hundreds of the striking biographies which we have of England's great men who had a university training. Two school-friends whose hearts early beat in unison, a half-score of inmates of the same college at Oxford or Cambridge, a group of like-minded fellows in the common room have not only kindled in their own souls a zeal for learning, but have carried its lighted torch half round the globe in a glowing track. Much as these social bonds are needed in England among those who call themselves scholars, in this country they are needed more. It is for this reason that we deprecate any weakening of the personal element in teachers and the tendency to substitute lectures and written examinations for the lively question and answer in which man meets man with open face and loosened tongue. For this reason we mourn over the tendency to abandon or disintegrate the old college class, with those sympathies and antipathies through the quadrennial course which gave the student such opportunities in experience with one another as are impossible in almost any other conceivable situation in life. If the new fashion shall prevail, it will come to pass that within what was once a royal dining-hall arranged for a common repast, we shall be summoned to take our intellectual nutriment *à la carte* in little and changing squads, and consequently know little and care less for the few with whom we chance to associate for a month.

With thoughts of the common life and its impor-

tance to the scholar, there come in the subjects of *common sports* at school or college and their influence upon the scholar's ideal, aye, and upon his achievements, as also upon his manners, his tastes, and his character. This subject is likely to be more, rather than less, important for the time to come. Athletics in all their forms are everywhere an established interest. Contests of every kind between individuals, and classes, and schools, and colleges occur as regularly as the recitations, and are often more numerous attended, especially when the latter are optional. In respect to this subject the following questions naturally suggest themselves: What place should athletics hold in our ideal of the training of the scholar? Should they be systematically taught and the practice of them be universally enforced? Should contests in strength and skill be permitted under prudent direction? Should such contests be allowed between the representatives of different institutions?

To these questions only the briefest answers can be given, with reasons as brief. To the first of these questions the answer is easy. Athletics and hygiene should be taught in every school. The theory of each is supposed to enter into the ideal knowledge which is presumed of every scholar. The obvious conditions of health and corporal well-being ought to be familiar to every educated boy and girl. The practice of both ought to be enforced during the earlier years of the scholar's life, because these are the plastic and glowing years, and the muscular and organic life is then receptive of every physical habit on which vigor depends, or through which weakness and disease may sap or destroy the energies of life. They should be encouraged later, but enforced no longer than the

tastes and preferences accept with pleasure the assigned activities of the drill-room, for the reason that by many the gymnastics of the independent walk, the adventurous climb, the solitary row, and the unnamed delights of the summer and even of the winter landscape are greatly preferred.

The subject of *trials* of athletic skill and strength, especially between different schools, presents especial difficulties. We cannot do justice to such a subject here. At first the spectacle is not unattractive, — of friendly, yet earnest, strifes of strength and skill, with all the restraints upon hostile passions which experience teaches, and which the generous impulses of strenuous youth are ready to accept. And yet, on the other hand, the elaborate arrangements for the season, the recurring excitements attendant upon each reported contest, the thought, and feeling, and time, and money which are expended upon the betting, and the jealousies and envyings which are incident to the theory and practice of these contests, must give us pause before we pronounce them an unmitigated blessing. But yet, even on this unfavorable side, we find some good, as in the restraint of the grosser indulgencies of appetite and passion, in the enforcement of gentlemanly ways, in the conduct of programmes and treaties, and now and then in the noble behavior of the field. Some of our best athletes become the best lawyers and clergymen and physicians. Some of them take the high honors, and, among their high ambitions to excel, do not forget the highest of all. For these reasons, to say the least, we cannot exclude athletic excellence or ambition from the scholar's ideal.

Thus far we have spoken of the teaching and training of the home and of the school in which the agency

of parents and teachers and schoolmates is conspicuous. We have omitted the most important of all, namely, *the teaching and training which each man bestows upon himself*. We may not forget that for the Ideal Scholar this is the most efficient training which any man can possibly receive, and that without this all other teaching and discipline must fail of their best effect. Parents and the home circle may inculcate and inspire; teachers may assign the most judicious tasks and enforce them most wisely; schoolmates may be troops of angels that would bear the pupil up to God on steps of duty and wings of faith: and yet, if the scholar does not become his own efficient and inspiring teacher, the ideal conditions of a scholar's career are not fulfilled, and the genuine scholar is not produced. Hence we say emphatically, *every scholar is his own best teacher*, and sooner or later he must assume and discharge this function for himself. The most efficient schooling to which he can possibly be subjected is that to which he subjects himself. There comes to every schoolboy who makes of himself a man, early or later, on a sudden or more gradually, the discovery that, for what he is to become, he is chiefly responsible to himself. It is of little consequence how he reaches this conviction: whether it breaks upon him with startling abruptness, as in a vision, or whether it is gradually reached, as the darkness of midnight is replaced by the dawn. Its voice is distinct and clear: Henceforth you must be your own teacher and master combined. To this voice the response is equally clear and strong, *I must and I will*. Sooner or later the questions follow: What, then, will you become? and How? If the answer concerns intellectual achievement, according to its breadth and fulness, such will

be the man, provided only that industry and self-control hold him to his work. To such a pupil no master can possibly be so rigorous as he becomes to himself. Every oversight in his daily lesson is noticed by himself with greater rigor than by the sternest of teachers. Whatever labor and attention can accomplish is freely lavished upon his work, and sooner or later his work shows the result in his quickened intellect, his enlarged acquisitions, his exacter knowledge, and the completed mastery of his powers, to whatever service they are applied. With this increased self-reliance there is increased self-distrust. With augmented energy of purpose there is a deepened conviction that he needs help and guidance from others, that his own fancies and convictions require the correction of other men's judgment, and the light of other men's knowledge. This is the natural result of that deepened simplicity of purpose which comes from a deepened sense of responsibility to one's self. Hence it is no paradox to say that self-distrust may be increased in proportion to one's self-reliance; that the most thorough scholar, who is the most thorough because he is the most self-reliant, is also the most candid and liberal in his judgments of others and the most suspicious of himself. The ranks of the noblest scholars are crowded with men of this type, — men of the rarest candor, coupled with the strongest convictions; men with a martyr's meekness, yet ready for the martyr's fire; men as unlike as possible to the intellectual bullies with whom they are sometimes confounded.

When the scholar is fully awake to his obligations to himself and is competent to judge of the studies which will best meet his future wants, he is competent to select his studies for himself, and he is not before:

certainly not without the strenuous advice of older men. How soon this state may be attained by this or that individual we need not decide. Now and then there is a scholar who shows in his youth tastes so decided and capacities so strong as to leave no room for any question except the one-sided inquiry whether his one-sidedness does not need to be corrected by the very studies which he does not fancy. But, conceding that such a case is exceptional, we are forced to conclude that self-control cannot safely be allowed until some serious sense of self-responsibility has been evoked, and with it the necessity that the liberty of choice will not be abused, but will be intelligently and earnestly used.

But we pass a second time over the embers of this burning question with hasty tread.

Thus far have we been occupied with the teachers of the Ideal Scholar under the designation of the home, the school, and himself. We have conceived the school to include the college and university as the necessary conditions of his training. In other words, we have assumed that his training is to be a public education, that is, an education prosecuted under the stimulus of an active social life. For the reasons which have been already suggested, we have not contrasted a public with a private education, for the simple reason that the last is possible for only a very few, and that for these few it should be supplemented by the collisions and enticements of the school, and the stimulants and exhilarants of the university. These last should never be dispensed with; and, even in the case of princes or the exceptionally wealthy, more or less of the school-life is recognized as the essential completion of an education which will fit them to deal with their fellow-men.

Leaving the teachers, let us pass to their teaching, — in other words, to *the studies* which are essential to the scholar's ideal. We naturally begin with *language*, inasmuch as all education, even that of nature, begins with the mastery over words and speech. There are not a few in these days who forget this truth, or, recognizing it as a fact, are disposed to rebel against the lessons which it suggests, or to reverse the position in which words have stood in respect to facts. Their lusty cry is, Give us things; confront us with facts. Nature meets us at every turn with living realities. Words are of use only as they acquaint us with nature, so far, and so far only as they teach us to observe, or as they record what others have seen or proved, or what we may discern and test for ourselves. To be sure, words are a great convenience. They give a man a thousand eyes in place of two. They dispense with his travelling over unmeasured distances, and his mining in dark and gloomy depths, or flying along trackless spaces. But all these other services were better dispensed with under the pressing calls of nature, as she bids us confer with herself directly and alone.

As against all these plausible and urgent reasons, we urge the incontestible truth, explain it or not as we may, that, in point of fact and under the guidance and impulse of nature herself, the intellectual culture of man begins with the mastery of his mother-tongue, and this not as a means as to what lies beyond, but through the processes themselves by which this mastery is achieved: in learning to speak with the articulating organs and to interpret by the eye the symbols of uttered speech. How or why it should be we may not explain. That the combined activities of the

mental and vocal elements of the unseen thought and the seen or uttered word should be of such enormous force in the discipline and development of the human intelligence, we know to be a fact. Let two children begin with equal promise. Let speech and the physical capacity for spoken language be denied to the one, or simply disused, and let the other be trained to speak and read, and the disparity in the intellectual development of the two will speedily be enormous. Nothing will remove this disparity except the study of language, which the loosened tongue or the interpreting eye make possible. Let these be given, and the powers expand under the varied and quickening stimulants which come through language alone.

To a certain extent and for a certain length of time the study of language is indispensable as the medium of culture of every kind, in whatever form culture may be desired, simply, if for no other reason, because it confronts the man with the countless relations of things and of thought which would be unobserved or forgotten were they not fixed by words and thus made the peculiar and permanent possession of the mind. It is idle to spend the time in proving what no man denies, that the mastery of one language at least is essential to awaken, to instruct, and to inform the infant mind. Even the extremest physicist, who would fain confine his faith to the hardest kind of material facts, would neither dodge nor forget the truth that it is *not facts, but the relations of facts, which make science*, and that these relations must be symbolized in words. Even he will concede that the education of the student of nature must begin with the mastery of the mother-tongue.

Again, the mastery of language is not only neces-

sary if we would acquire, but equally that we may be able to communicate to others. To impart with clearness and facility and method and interest, the teacher must be the master of his instrument; and to be the master of an instrument so subtle as language requires art and skill, and art and skill carry us back to science. But here it may be asked, Why, for all these purposes, does not the study of English suffice, and why is it not wiser to master the capacities of a single instrument rather than divide your energies between two or three? Why study any other than English, except for the reason that French and German can tell you facts that the English does not disclose? Or, if you study a language for the sake of the language, to gain some peculiar discipline, why not study English in a philological and critical way: as Old English and Middle English, or Modern English, and let all the others go except as reporters of facts and instruments of information? Especially, why insist on the Greek in these days of expanding science and multiplied letters, when the English literature spreads out its riches, at once the labor and the luxury of a lifetime, in their boundless profusion? The challenge is fair. The answer to it is ready.

First of all, experience has decided that a language other than your own can be used to greater advantage for all those purposes for which you study language at all. In other words, you learn to study English critically to better advantage when you see it reflected in German or Greek than by looking at it directly in the face and comparing it by standards taken from itself alone. As you judge a familiar landscape to greater advantage in respect to form or color or other features when you see it reflected in a mirror, so is it with a

scholar's facilities for estimating his mother-tongue. The child and the man who have had no special training find it almost as difficult to criticise their mother-tongue as to criticise the mother whom they unreflectingly love and admire. But so soon as they have been schooled to do this with another language than their own, they come back to their own with new eyes and new standards. No *a priori* reasoning or dogmatic assertions can set aside facts like these. Every scholar who deserves the name must accept them as axiomatic truths. To assert that it cannot be so and shall not be so for the next generation, because we cannot see why it should be so, is to fight against the wind.

But if you must employ another language, why not use German in place of Greek? What gives to Greek this unchallenged preëminence among the thousand tongues that have been used by man? Is not the German as articulated in its paradigms, as refined in its structure, as profound in thought as is the Greek? Is not Goethe a better model for the modern scholar than even Plato, or Homer, or Sophocles? When I am posed with these questions I have one answer. The Greeks possessed one quality in language and diction, in sentiment and reasoning, and that is the gift of perpetual, exuberant youth. The freshness of life's morning was always with them. In their poetry, their oratory, their philosophy, and their drama, clearness, directness, pathos, earnestness, frankness, and consummate beauty are always dominant. This youth enabled them to produce a literature which should hold the exalted function of training the scholars of humanity for all the generations. This function they will continue to exercise in spite of the confident predictions

to the contrary. The strong convictions of those who have made trial of this training remain unshaken. We may not forget that the host of these witnesses is enormous, extending through many generations. The position of Greece as the teacher of Rome and the schoolmaster of civilized Christendom was not an accident, but was founded on the conviction that comes from trial. No man who has thoroughly availed himself of this culture, and in any proper sense put it to the proof, has regretted the time or the labor which it has involved. Every man who has gone far enough in his Greek to read Plato, and Homer, and Demosthenes with moderate facility, will testify that by his mastery of Greek he has gained more than he has lost in time, in the facility for his other linguistic studies, provided the normal period for a scholar's curriculum were allowed him. We premised early in our argument that a scholar's training requires some amplitude of time. It were idle to forget that time is essential to success in every enterprise. We do not contend that the mastery of two languages does not require more time than the mastery of one, and yet we do contend, in all sobriety, that if one be modern and the other be classical, that the one will so aid the other that the mastery of both shall not require double the time demanded for one alone.

That the Ideal Scholar of the present day should be the easy master of more or fewer of *the modern languages* may be assumed without discussion or argument. At what time the study of the latter shall begin must depend upon circumstances which are beyond the control of many scholars. That it is desirable that this study should begin very early in life is obvious to every competent judge. That much valuable time is

likely to be wasted if it is not thus used is equally clear. During these early years time seems so abundant as to be inexhaustible, and hence it is often lavishly thrown away. When the memory moves with spontaneous ease and holds fast its gains without effort, then is the time to connect the acquisition of one or two modern languages with exercises in the mother-tongue. If such studies are conjoined with moderate energy and skill, the light which is reflected from the one to the other will stimulate curiosity and incite to thought. As upon the naïve study of the mother and foreign tongue there is superinduced that reflective study of both which we call grammar, the one enlivens the other, and grammar itself is lifted above the "Serbonian bog" of abstract metaphysics into which whole armies of jubilant youth have been sunk. Or at least the stepping-stones of this morass will have been made more obvious by the play and counter-play of their mutually reflected lights. When a boy thus favored enters upon the school, he will have made enormous gains if he rightly uses these advantages. Alas! it too often happens that the boy thus distinguished is sated with his intellectual gains. He finds his school-work so easy that the habit of severe and dogged effort is never acquired, or, at least, not matured. The reflective and discriminating period of his school-life is wasted or dawdled away for want of knowledge or of noble ambition. When he is introduced to the severer drills of classical lessons, his previous training has given him facility enough to render him independent of the hardest work. His facile memory or disciplined wit serves as substitutes for reflective thought. The foundation was of the best, but the superstructure became frail and flimsy.

This comes of that simple unfaithfulness to which there are many splendid exceptions.

It depends largely on the highest schools of learning to decide whether a high ambition for thorough work and classical learning shall animate the schools below, and whether or not the boys who are peculiarly favored with opportunities for early culture, especially in the languages, shall gain that classical facility which is easily within their reach, and submit to that grammatical exactness and copious reading which are the surest foundations for a correct and facile English style. Should the universities cease to require some decent mastery of Greek and Latin as a condition of their highest honors; should they, by example or dogma, fail to stimulate and impart those higher attainments in both these languages which modern facilities make possible, — the danger would not be slight that many of those youths who enjoy special facilities in childhood for linguistic studies will choose what they will fancy is an easier path to scholastic honors. If, on the other hand, the sentiment expressed by the university teaching and action should set strongly and positively in the opposite direction, we have every reason to believe that the spirit which is in the heart of our most cultivated youth will make itself manifest in splendid fruits of classical and literary enthusiasm.

These questions concerning the study of language suggest another topic, namely, the study of *literature*, particularly the familiar acquaintance with *English literature*, as essential to the Ideal Scholar. Whatever opinions may be held with respect to the relative claims of the classical and modern languages, all men agree in holding that the cultivated scholar, and in these days the cultivated gentleman, should be famil-

iar with the priceless treasures of English literature and find in them a constant stimulant and delight. The Ideal Scholar is no dry philologue who is preoccupied with forms and facts, with dates and names, but a thinking and feeling man, whose refined imagination is easily borne upwards upon the pinions of eloquence and song, and whose cultivated taste has been disciplined by the perfection of diction in prose or verse. If our critical learning fails to stimulate and train the imagination to this sensitive and enlightened sympathy with literature, it may fail of its most important service.

Culture in this direction is not in the strictest sense of the term scholastic in the conditions of its growth. Much has been expected of late from scholastic tasks and exercises in creating and directing a taste for English literature. With this view, careful studies in Anglo-Saxon and Early English have been introduced into our higher schools. After the same theory, special critical studies of our great English writers have been prepared for the same class of scholars. Some good results have been achieved, but much less than has been expected. The explanation of the failure of efforts like these has already been hinted at in the general truth, that we study our native language and literature most effectually, other things being equal, when we see them as reflected in the mirror of another tongue.

But while we contend for this truth, we as earnestly contend that the Ideal Scholar cannot begin too early to be familiar with the best English writers, and that what he reads and the manner in which he reads are of the utmost consequence to his culture and his success in life. The taste for reading, in the special

sense of the phrase, is variable as to the time and character of its development. To some it comes in early childhood, needing to be carefully directed and often to be rigorously repressed. To others it comes discouragingly late, even when the intellect is strong and bright. It supposes some positive individual activity of thought or feeling on the part of the young reader, something nobler than the mechanical response of the passive imagination, some active recognition of a likeness between the pictures or thoughts of the books which we read, and the memories and reflections of the reader. Such a revelation comes when a boy reads passively in a poem or a novel, and all at once there seems to start out from the printed page some past experience of his own, some familiar landscape, some character such as he has met before, some living picture of the past, some serious thought or earnest aspiration. When a boy finds reality like this in a book, then he begins to read. If to read is to connect our actual experience with what our books impart, it would seem to be most desirable to connect the reading of the scholar with his severer studies, so far at least as such reading may bring the matter of his studies home to his individual thinking. Inasmuch as history should be taught early in life when the memory is fresh and keen, it follows that the romance of history and biography should be stimulated to their utmost by the skilful use of the manifold appliances which are now so ready at hand. Here is the field for the inventive and stimulative power of the teacher.

That his task is not easy is most obvious. It is equally clear that something needs to be done to bring back to our young scholars more vigorous and self-

relying and self-respecting habits of reading, in place of the mechanical dawdling and superficial ways which are the result of our modern book-making and newspapers. Would that we could draw off into the sewer the torrent of frothy and sometimes nasty stuff that persistently tempts the youth of our schools and colleges, and could replace it with a tonic and refreshing stream! The least that we can say is, that no youth has begun to educate himself who has not taken his reading into his own hands in order to select the matter and direct the measure of its use. *Look out for your reading*, is the first cautionary and directive signal which the young scholar should set up who begins the work of self-culture. You may find in your reading your inspiration and solace. You have need of care that it does not become your poison and torment.

The thought may long ago have occurred to some of my hearers that the Ideal Scholar which the speaker has in mind is the ideal scholar of other times when the physical universe was veiled to the eyes of cultivated men, and when nature was withholding those wondrous revelations which in such swift succession have since been unveiled to man's wondering eyes, — which have been subjected to the most trying tests and successfully applied to the arts and conveniences of life. Surely, it is not only natural, but necessary, to inquire what place this newly discovered Cosmos may claim in the studies of cultivated man, and what changes should follow in our system of culture and education.

To this question I reply, Nature, as now interpreted and understood, cannot and should not be excluded from the scholar's attention. The facts, the laws, the theories, the experiments, with the changed concep-

tions of matter and spirit which they warrant, the new views of the near and distant universe, the discoveries and arts which the microscope, the telescope, and the spectroscope have made possible, the altered conceptions of matter, living and dead, and of spirit in its relation to both, — all these should be familiar to the man who aspires to the culture of the scholar. Neither man nor his institutions, neither literature nor history, can be understood unless the cultured mind recognizes what science has established as true, and what science threatens to destroy. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," with its depressing questionings and its triumphant faith, shows most emphatically that even modern poetry is modified by scientific thought. Every newspaper and review, every history and tale is penetrated by the all-dissolving or the all-assuring atmosphere of what calls itself modern science. We cannot leave science out of our theory of education if we would, we would not if we could. What changes does this changed condition of things require in our theory of education?

The first thought which occurs in answer to this question is, that it invests the mathematical studies with a new importance, whether they are viewed from the standpoint of practice or of theory. Indeed, all men concede that without a mastery over the pure and applied mathematics a mastery over modern science is impossible. What grammar is to linguistics and philology, the mathematics are to scientific studies. They are at once the trainers and the material of scientific thought. As trainers of the mind, they keep ward and watch at the vestibule of physical science. The inscription, "*Let no man enter herein unless he can geometrize,*" has a new significance in these mod-

ern times. Geometry and algebra are both grammar and logic to the sciences of nature, as they train to the capacity of discerning the nicest distinctions in the field of thought, and as they enable us to follow them often tremulously along Mahomet's bridge of a single hair. In a sense that is loftier and more daring; they both conceal and reveal the mysteries of the kingdom of nature and enable us to interpret the very thoughts of God.

Next, scientific studies should be combined with those called literary. It is unnatural to divorce the two, for the reason that they are equally natural and necessary to the thinking mind. An ideal education, so far as it proposes and effects a thorough or balanced culture, requires that both should be pursued, so far at least as to attain mastery of the principles fundamental to both. The two have always in fact been combined ever since the days of Descartes and Newton when modern physics began to be. To contend that the one is practical and the other scholastic is to overlook the truly scientific in each and what gives the common interest to both. To overlook and to neglect the severer side of physics is to be faithless to science. To attempt to turn schools of science into mere workshops or distilleries is to begin at the wrong end of a lane, and soon to find yourself thrown out of your path and in the region of nowhere. In other words, to divide schools of education too early into the so-called practical on the one hand and the scholastic on the other is to overlook the very essence of science.

On the other hand, physics as a science should not be taught too early, no more should the metaphysics of grammar or criticism, and for the common reason that the observing and retaining functions are devel-

oped before the reflective. For this reason familiarity with the phenomena of nature, as these address the observant powers and appeal to the feelings and stimulate the imagination, cannot be begun too soon or be too sedulously cultivated. Natural history in all its attractive branches can hardly be taught too early. If I may speak from a personal experience, I shall never cease to be profoundly grateful to one of my teachers who persuaded me to study botany with him as an extra, at the age of thirteen, when the adventurous period which comes to every boy was beckoning me to every excitement of country life. The study had been wholly unknown, and, with its hard terminology and its careful analysis, it seemed at first anything but attractive; but I had not pursued it a month before nature became invested with unsuspected mysteries, revealing to me a new life. It taught me to walk adventurously miles and miles through brush and brier, over rocks and in swamps, fearless of snakes and vermin, to greet the early sunrise and the late sunsets of long summer days, in long tramps before and after school-hours, till I had explored every rod as it would seem, within miles of my country home. And what was my reward? It gave me eyes and ears, not only during my eager youth, but for all my subsequent life. It gave an interest to my rambles in open nature, which I have not lost till this day. I never see one of the formerly well-known flowers, whether common or rare, that I do not greet the first as a well-known friend, and the second as a friend long parted and now restored. These experiments were made long ago, long before the modern games of base-ball and lawn-tennis, which at present assert such exclusive possession of the youthful mind. We

had base-ball in some sort then; but I am apt to think that if I had not been so fortunate in my botanical experience my life would have been the poorer.

My experience with physics was not dissimilar. Upon this I stumbled almost by accident. It was taught to the girls of the school in a simple fashion, and also to those of the boys who were not destined to college life. I happened to take it up for evening reading, and even now I can well remember how my mind exulted in its first acquaintance with the mysteries of force and law as illustrated by the simplest experiments, each one of which was a new surprise. I might speak of a similar accidental experience with American history. I merely wish to enforce the opinion that in an ideal education science and letters should be conjoined, and that, whether the period of learning is longer or shorter, both elements should be combined. The proportion between the elements may be diverse, the languages studied may not be the same, or if they are the same the methods of study may vary in some slight degree, while still it remains true that no man is truly educated who at some time and in some measure does not cultivate his mind by the reflective study of language and the reflective study of nature. The claims of science can never, however, be so engrossing as to set aside the demand for that culture which comes from letters and what letters imply. The one study should never be made an offset against the other. On the other hand, no thinking or cultured man can fail to be moved by the wondrous revelations concerning the material and spiritual universe which modern science has given to man during the present century.

We should never forget that the Ideal Scholar is

responsive to Truth in all her aspects and revelations. As he gazes upon the face of nature with an eye instructed by science and refined by culture, it is brightened with the attractions of Beauty, and as he looks more and more intently there will be awakened the joy and adoration of Faith.

BIOGRAPHY.

*By Helen
Brook*

I HAVE been anxious to choose a subject for my lecture which should have to do both with literature and with life. I have pictured to myself what now I see before me, an assemblage of young men to whom the two worlds — the world of books and the world of men — were freshly and delightfully opening. Let me take some subject for my evening's talk, I said to myself, which shall bring those two great worlds together; and so I have come to speak to you about Biography.

Biography is, in its very name, the literature of life. It is especially the literature of the individual human life. All true literature is the expression of life of some sort. Books are the pictures into which life passes as the landscape passes through the artist's brain into the glowing canvas, gaining thereby that which it had not in itself, but also turning forth to sight its own more subtle and spiritual meanings. And since the noblest life on earth is always human life, the literature which deals with human life must always be the noblest literature. And since the individual human life must always have a distinctness and interest which cannot belong to any of the groups of human lives, biography must always have a charm which no other kind of history can rival.

I think that I would rather have written a great biography than a great book of any other sort, as I would rather have painted a great portrait than any other kind of picture. At any rate, the writing of a biography, or, indeed, the proper reading of it, requires one faculty which is not very common, and which does not come into action without some experience. It requires the power of large vital imagination, the power of conceiving of a life as a whole. Do you remember, when you were a child, how vague the city which you lived in was to you? Certain houses in the city, certain streets, you knew; but the city as a whole, — Boston, or Springfield, or New York, — one total thing, — you had to grow older and make more associations, and get more ideality, before you could lay hold of that. You had to comprehend it, to grasp around it, as it were. So it is with a life. To know the list of Napoleon's achievements, to be able to quote a page of Carlyle's writings, — that is one thing; but to have Napoleon Bonaparte or Thomas Carlyle stand out distinct, a complete being by himself, a unit among unities, like a mountain rising out of the plain, like a star shining in the sky, — that is another thing and very different. That needs a special power. He who has not that power is not fit to read, much less fit to write, a biography.

It must always be a noteworthy fact that the great book of the world is the story of a life. The New Testament is a biography. Make it a mere book of dogmas, and its vitality is gone. Make it a book of laws, and it grows hard and untimely. Make it a biography, and it is a true book of life. Make it the history of Jesus of Nazareth, and the world holds it in its heart forever. Not simply his coming or his

going, not simply his birth or his death, but the living, the total life, of Jesus is the world's salvation. And the Book in which his life shines orb'd and distinct is the world's treasure. There, as in all best biographies, two values of a marked and well-depicted life appear. It is of value, first, because it is exceptional, and also because it is representative. Every life is at once like and unlike every other. Every good story of a life, therefore, sets before those who read it something which is imitable and something which is incapable of imitation; and thereby come two different sorts of stimulus and inspiration. It gives us help like that of the stars which guide the ship from without, and also like that of the fire which burns beneath the engines of the ship itself.

But let me come to my Lecture. I want to divide what I have to say to you about biographies into three parts. I want to speak to you about the subjects of biographies, and the writers of biographies, and the readers of biographies. A life must first be lived, and then it must be written, and then it must be read, before the power of a biography is quite complete.

You sit some day in your study reading Boswell's Johnson. Are there not three people holding communion with one another in that silent room, — Johnson and Boswell and you? Johnson lived the life, Boswell wrote it, you are reading it. It is like the sun, the atmosphere, and the earth, making one system. The sun shines through the atmosphere to give the earth its warmth and richness. This is what makes every picture of a man reading and being influenced by a biography an interesting thing. It is the completeness of this group of three. John Stuart

Mill tells us about the inspiration which came to him, when he was a young man, from Plato's Pictures of Socrates. And, among modern biographies, he remembers the value which he found in Condorcet's Life of Turgot, "a book," he says, "well calculated to rouse the best sort of enthusiasm, since it contains one of the wisest and noblest of lives, delineated by one of the wisest and noblest of men." In that sentence you can see the three together, — Turgot, Condorcet, and Mill. In another part of his autobiography the same great Englishman records how he was rescued from extreme depression by the reading of something in the Memoirs of Marmontel, the most picturesque of literary histories. Or one likes to think of Dr. Franklin lying on what proved to be his death-bed and listening to the reading of Johnson's Lives of the Poets. There is something very impressive in letting our imagination picture the stately and sonorous Doctor bringing in and introducing the singers one by one before the calm eyes of the homely but sympathetic philosopher. You ought never to read a biography without letting such a group construct itself for your imagination. Johnson, and Boswell, and you, — all three are there: the subject, the author, and the reader. Your reading will be a live thing if you can feel the presence of your two companions, and make them, as it were, feel yours.

1. Let me speak, then, first, about the subjects of biographies. I believe fully that the intrinsic life of any human being is so interesting, that if it can be simply and sympathetically put in words it will be legitimately interesting to other men. Have you never noticed how anybody, boy or man, who talks to

you about himself compels your attention? I say "who talks about himself." I mean, of course, his true self. If he talks about an unreal, an affected, an imaginary self, a self which he would like to seem to be, instead of the self he really is, he tires and disgusts you; but be sure of this, that there is not one of us living to-day so simple and monotonous a life that, if he be true and natural, his life faithfully written would not be worthy of men's eyes and hold men's hearts. Not one of us, therefore, who, if he be true, and pure, and natural, may not, though his life never should be written, be interesting and stimulating to his fellow-men in some small circle as they touch his life.

It is this truth which accounts for the power of the simplest kind of biographies, — those which record the lives of obscure people who have done no noteworthy work in the world. I think of two such books. One of them is the "Story of Ida," the life of an Italian girl of exquisite character, and whose life was the very pattern of a humble tragedy. Mr. Ruskin, in his introduction to the book, says, with his usual exaggeration, that "the lives in which the public are interested are hardly ever worth writing." That, of course, is quite untrue. But he goes on to praise and introduce a sweet and simple story, which is a delightful illustration of the truth he overstates. It is like a flower plucked out of the thousands of the field which, besides the charm of its own fragrance, has the other value, that it reminds us how fragrant are all the flowers which still grow unplucked in the field from which this came. The other book is very different. It is Thomas Hughes's "Memoir of a Brother," the story of a brave, hopeful, consecrated life, which came

to no display, but did its duty out of sight and under endless disappointment, as the stream wrestles with the hindrances which stop its channel deep in the untrodden woods.

These are the lives which give us faith in human nature, the lives which now and then it is good for somebody to write, if only to remind us how possible it is for such lives to be lived.

But we must not let ourselves be misled by such a statement as that which I quoted from Mr. Ruskin, so far as to think that notable and exceptional lives are not peculiarly entitled to biography. Distinction is a legitimate object of our interest, if we do not over-estimate its value. Distinction is the emphasis put upon qualities by circumstances. He who listens to the long music of human history hears the special stress with which some great human note was uttered long ago, ringing down the ages and mingling with and enriching the later music of modern days. It is a perfectly legitimate curiosity with which men ask about that resonant, far-reaching life. They are probably asking with a deeper impulse than they know. They are dimly aware that in that famous, interesting man their own humanity — which it is endlessly pathetic to see how men are always trying and always failing to understand — is felt pulsating at one of its most sensitive and vital points. Let us think, then, of some of the kinds of famous men whom our biographies embalm.

The first class of men whose lives ought specially to be written and read are those rare men who present broad pictures of the healthiest and simplest qualities of human nature most largely and attractively displayed. Not men of eccentricities, not men

of specialties, but men of universal inspiration and appeal, — men, shall we not say, like Shakespeare's Horatio, to whom poor distracted Hamlet cries : —

“ Thou art e'en as *just* a man
As e'er my conversation coped with all.”

How heavily and confidently always the disturbed soul rests on simple justice.

I shall quote as illustrations in all my Lecture only the biographies of English-speaking men by English-speaking men. And in this first category of biographies, præëminent for their broad humanness, their general healthiness of thought and being, I do not hesitate a moment which to name. There are two lives which stand out clearly as the two best biographies ever written in the English language. Carlyle says, “In England we have simply one good biography, this Boswell's Johnson.” Certainly there is one other worthy to be set beside it, which is Lockhart's Scott. Happy the boy who very early gets at those two books, and feels and feeds upon the broad and rich humanity of the two men whom they keep ever picturesque and living. Johnson and Scott, — so human in their strength and in their weakness, in their virtues and in their faults : one like a day of clouds and storms, the other like a day of sunshine and bright breezes, yet both like Nature, both real in times of unreality, both going bravely and christianly into that darkness and tragicalness which gathered at the last on both their lives, — two men worthy of having their lives written, fortunate both in the biographers who wrote their lives ; worthy to be read and re-read, and read again by all men who want to keep their manhood healthy, broad, and brave, and true !

Set these two great books first, then, easily first, among English biographies. The streets of London and the streets of Edinburgh live to-day with the images of these two men more than any others of the millions who have walked in them. But in a broader way the streets of human nature still live with their presence. The unfading interest in Dr. Johnson is one of the good signs of English character. Men do not read his books, but they never cease to care about him. It shows what hold the best and broadest human qualities always keep on the heart of man. This man, who had to be coaxed into favor before a request could be asked, and whose friends and equals were afraid to remonstrate with him except by a round-robin, was yet capable of the truest delicacy, the purest modesty, the most religious love for all that was greater and better than himself. But the great value of him was his reality. He was a perpetual protest against the artificialness and unreality of that strange eighteenth century in which he lived. And Walter Scott, who was thirteen years old when Dr. Johnson died, bore witness for true humanity in the next century, when men were beginning to delight in that Byronic scorn of life which has deepened into the pessimism of these later days, by the healthy and cheery faith with which he accepted the fact that, as he once wrote, "We have all our various combats to fight in the best of all possible worlds, and like brave fellow-soldiers ought to assist one another as much as possible."

Yes, it is good for each new generation of English-speaking boys as they come on to the stage of life to find two such brave figures there already. Generations come and go, but these two brave men still keep

possession of the stage, and do no man can say how much to make and keep life ever brave and true.

We come to a distinctly different type of biography when we pass on to speak of those men whose written lives have value not from their broad humanity, but from the way in which they gather up and throw out into clear light some certain period of the world's history, some special stage of human life. Wonderful is this power which an age has to select one of its men, and crowd itself into him and hold him up before the world and say, "Know me by him!" "The age of Pericles," we say, or, "The age of Lorenzo de Medici," and all our study of the history of the fifth century before Christ, or of the fifteenth century after Christ, could not put us into such clear possession of those remarkable times as we should have if we really could know Pericles or the great Lorenzo. Of all such books for us Americans the greatest must be Irving's "Life of Washington." "Washington," says Irving, "had very little private life." All the more for that reason it is true that if you master the public life of Washington you have learned how this nation came to be. His early share in the French and Indian wars, which was like a trial-trip of the ship which was afterwards to fight with broader seas, his sympathy with the first discontents, his slow approach to the idea of Independence, his steadfastness during the war, his passage out of military back to civil life, all of these make his career characteristic. It is the history of the time, all crowded by a sort of composite photograph into him. Washington was by no means the cold, unromantic, passionless monster that men have sometimes pictured him to be. It was not lack of qualities but poise of qual-

ities that made him calm. It was not absence of color but harmony of color that made his life white and transparent. And so it is with no disparagement of the personal nature of our great man that we may claim as the special value of his life the way in which it sums up in itself the picturesque beginnings of our history. Read it for that. Read also Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," which is the story of another nature like a lens, more brilliant but not less true than Washington's.

And thus of many ages you will find, if you look for it, the graphic man, who stands forever after his age has passed away as its picture and its commentary. Would you know what sort of a thing English life was in the fifteenth century, the age of the Inquisition, of the Spanish Armada, of the discovery of America, of the Field of the Cloth of Gold? Read the direct and simple English of the "Life of Cardinal Wolsey," by his gentleman usher, George Cavendish. Would you catch the spirit of adventure which filled the breezy days of Queen Elizabeth? Would you feel the throb of newly found rivers beating through a great new discovered continent? Would you see the flashes of color and hear the bursts of song which came back in those days from mysterious countries which scientific discovery had not yet disenchanted of their poetry and reduced to prose? Would you know what it was to live in one of the mornings of the world when all the birds were singing and all the eastern heavens were aglow? Read the "Life of Walter Raleigh," as it has come down to us without a writer's name from some enthusiastic biographer of his own time.

Demand everywhere that the inarticulate life of a

time shall utter itself in the life of its typical man, as a brooding, smouldering fire bursts forth at one point into flame. Do not feel that you know any age or country till you can clearly see its characteristic man.

The same is true about a critical event. You think about the great English Revolution, that convulsion of the seventeenth century which broke the power of privilege in state and church and made possible all that is happening in England and America to-day, all that is going to happen in the next hundred years, which a man would so like to live and see. How shall you get the spirit and soul and meaning of that great event, and seem to have actually seen it as it came? You must know its great man. You must study the life of Oliver Cromwell, upon whom the true historical instinct of Carlyle has fastened as the man who really did the thing, as much, that is, as any one man did it, as much as any one man ever does anything in history. You must get deep into him. You must see how he led and was led; how he made his times and was made by them; how impossible it is to take him in imagination out of those times and set him down in any other. It does not mean that you are to make him slavishly your hero and think everything he did was right, but get the man, his hates, his loves, his dreams, his blundering hopes, his noble, hot, half-forged purposes, his faith, his doubt, get all of these in one vehement person clear before your soul, and then you will know how privilege had to go and liberty had to come in England and America.

And as an age or an event, so an occupation or a profession reveals itself in a biography. Many of our great libraries now are divided and arranged both horizontally and perpendicularly. All the books on

one level belong to the same subject; all the books in one upright stack belong to the same nation. So it is with men in history. You may think of all the people in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, engaged in all their different works. That is the horizontal conception. Or you may think of all the poets, or all the carpenters, or all the sailors in the whole series of ages. That is the perpendicularity of history. If you take the latter view, then, you want some man in each profession who shall make that profession a reality to you. Do you not know what a soldier is, as no abstract book could teach you, when you have read the pages which our great American soldier wrote in the days which he so piteously begged of death a little time to tell the story of his life? He who would understand the true life of a pure scholar, let him read the delightful story of Isaac Casaubon, which was written a few years ago by Mark Pattison, or, shall we say, the life of the pugnacious Richard Bentley, which was written by Bishop Monk, the very model of a scholar's life of a scholar? If you want to see what it may be to be a minister, do not look at the parson of your parish, but read Brooke's "Life of Robertson." When you want to know how bravely and brightly the true lover and questioner of nature may pass his days, let the life of that healthiest of naturalists, Frank Buckland, be your teacher. Let adventure shine before you in the life of Livingstone. In every occupation you will find some representative, some man who did that thing most healthily and truly. It would be good, I think, if in those critical years, sometimes so anxiously, sometimes so very lightly passed, in which men are deciding what they are to do with this mysterious gift of God which we call life, some wise and sympa-

thetic teacher, in the college or elsewhere, should hold a class in professional biography, and make the most representative man of each profession tell not by his lips, but by his life, what sort of man, and what sort of career his occupation makes. It might save, here and there, a foolish choice and an unhappy life.

And yet, again, there is another class of biographies which gives us types, neither of times, nor of events, nor of professions, but of characters. Have you ever read Lord Herbert of Cherbury's *Memoirs*, the most open-hearted of autobiographers, and felt his cheery, self-conceited voice bragging in your ear? — the very perfection of that strange fantastic thing which his strange century took for a gentleman, the selfish bully still dazzling his own eyes and other men's with the glare of personal courage and an easy generosity. Put alongside of his the noble story which has lately been given to the world by Leslie Stephen, of his friend Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman who, with infinite patience and assiduity and resolution and intelligence, conquered the prizes of usefulness and honor in the darkness; or, turning to the higher power of religion, read the story of the manly piety of Havelock, the missionary faith of Patterson, or the calm progress out of unbelief into a trust in God as the one refuge of the soul of the fine intellect of Ellen Watson, — read these, which are the three best and most healthy religious biographies I know, and feel how character is not a thing of which you can tell the nature in a list of qualities. It is something human: you must see it in a man; you must watch it kindling in an eye; you must hear it ringing in a voice; and so biographies are the best sermons.

Our first feeling, I suppose, is that all great men

ought to have their biographies, that all fine lives are capable of being finely written. And yet we find out by and by that some great men, some very great men, are unsuited for biography. Shakespeare has no biography; and, much as we would like to know what happened to him in his life, I think we all feel doubtful whether we should get much of increased and deepened richness in our thought of him if what he did and said had been recorded. The poet's life is in his poems. The more profoundly and spiritually he is a poet, the more thoroughly this is true, the more impossible a biography of him becomes. Where is the life of Shelley that gives you any notion of the beauty of his soul? The Skylark and the Cenci and the Adonais are the real events in his history. You fill yourself with them and you know him. The same is true of Wordsworth. There is not, there cannot be, any very valuable biography of him. For this reason, I think that the young reader ought to become well accustomed to reading the whole works of an author whom he really wants to know. I believe in those long, comely series of books labelled *Complete Works*. If you read a poet's masterpieces, you know them. If you have read everything which he has written, you know him. When you have become convinced that some great author, particularly some great poet, is really worthy of your study, that you must have him not simply as a recreation of an idle hour but as the companion of your life, then go and get all his works; put them, as near as may be, in the order in which he wrote them, and read them once, at least, straight through from end to end. Let your library, as it slowly grows, abound in "*complete works*;" so you have men, entire men, upon your shelves, if you

are man enough to bid them live for you. This is, after all, the subtlest form in which the biography of writing men can take its shape, and for many writing men it is the only form of biography which is possible.

I must not say more about the subjects of biography. These kinds of men which I have hurriedly named are the kinds of men about whom other men will ask, and so about whom books will be written. These are the stars which, being in the heaven of human life, and having some special color or some special light, must shine. There are others no less true and worthy of men's sight than they, which no man sees.

I want to speak now of the men who write biographies, the authors. And, first of all, there are the men who are their own biographers, — the men who, as the end of life approaches, gather up their experiences and tell the world about themselves before they go. In the great Uffizi Gallery at Florence there is a large assemblage of the portraits of the great artists, painted by themselves. Nobody can enter that vast, splendid room, thronged with its silent company, and not be conscious of a special sacredness and awe. Here is the way in which the great artists looked to themselves. Thus it was that Raphael saw the painter of the Sistine Madonna, and thus Leonardo conceived the painter of the Last Supper. It is the man himself telling the story of himself to himself. No wonder that each stands out there with a peculiarly clear and personal distinctness.

What that room is in art, a library of autobiographies is in human life. People like to tell us that

we do not know ourselves so well as our neighbors know us. I rather think that few maxims are less true than that. Our neighbors know our little tricks, of which we are unconscious; but any one of us who is at all thoughtful knows his real heart and nature as no other man has begun to know them. Therefore, he who will really tell us about himself makes his life stand forth very distinctly in its unity, its separateness, its reality.

English literature is rich in autobiography. It has, indeed, no tale so deep and subtle as that which is told in the Confessions of St. Augustine. It has no such complete and unreserved unbosoming of a life as is given by the strange Italian, Benvenuto Cellini, who is the very prince of unconcealment. But there is hardly any self-told life in any language which is more attractive than the autobiography of Edward Gibbon, in which he recounts the story of his own career in the same stately, pure prose in which he narrates the Decline and Fall of Rome. It must have needed a great faith in a man's self to write those sonorous pages. Two passages in them have passed into the history of man. One is that in which he describes how, in Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started in his mind. The other is the passage in which the great historian records how, on the night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, he wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house at Lausanne, and how then, laying down his pen, he "took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias,

which commanded a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains." The story is all very solemn and exalted. It is full of the feeling that the beginning and ending of a great literary work is as great an achievement as the foundation and completion of an empire, — as worthy of record and of honor; and as we read we feel so too.

A greater autobiography than Edward Gibbon's is our own Benjamin Franklin's. Franklin had exactly the genius and temperament of an autobiographer. He loved and admired himself; but he was so bent upon analysis and measurement that he could not let even himself pass without discrimination. The style is like Defoe. Indeed, we are pleased to find that he placed great value both on Defoe and Bunyan, whose stories are told so like his own. He watches his own life as he watched one of his own philosophical experiments. He flies his existence as he flew his kite, and he tells the world about it all just as a thoughtful boy might tell his mother what he had been doing, — sure of her kindly interest in him. The world is like a mother to Ben Franklin always: so domestic and familiar is his thought of her. He who has read this book has always afterwards the boy-man who wrote it clear and distinct among the men he knows.

Of autobiographies of our own time there are three which are full of characteristic life. There is John Stuart Mill's life of himself, so wonderfully cold, and calm, and clear, yet with the warmth of subdued possibilities of passion always burning in it, — a very sea of glass, mingled with fire. There is the story of James Nasmyth, the Scotch engineer and astronomer, written by himself, — the happiest life, in the most nat-

ural and simple elements of happiness, I think, that one can find. And I must add, although we have only a fragment of it yet, the autobiography of General Grant, the soldier who hated war; the American who had the spirit of the institutions of his country filling him; the author who, without literary training or pretension, or almost, one may say, the literary sense at all, has written in a style which has this great quality, that it is like a simple, brave, true man's talk.

Let men like these talk to you and tell you of themselves. Being dead, they yet can speak. How good it is sometimes to leave the crowded world, which is so hot about its trifles, and go into the company of these great souls which are so calm about the most momentous things!

Next to the autobiography comes the life which is written by some one who is of near kindred or of close association with the man of whom he writes. In such lives the feeling of gratitude and personal friendship comes in and makes an atmosphere which takes in him who reads as well as the subject and the author of the book. Of such biographies there is no happier or more fascinating instance than the *Memoir of Professor Agassiz* which Mrs. Agassiz gave to the world a few months ago. It is the picture of a sweet, strong nature turning in its first young simplicity to noble things, and keeping its simplicity through a long life by its perpetual association with them. It is a human creature loving the earth almost as we can imagine that a beast loves it, and yet at the same time studying it like a wise man. The sea and the glacier tell him their secrets. In his very dreams the extinct fishes build again for him their lost construction. There is a cool, bright freshness in every page. The

boy of twenty-two rolls himself in the snow for joy. The man has himself let down a hundred and twenty-five feet into the cold, blue, wonderful crevasse to see how the ice is made. Finally, the New World tempts him, and he becomes the apostle of science to America. All this is told us out of the lips which have the best right to tell it.

Take another biography. I do not know whether you boys are inclined to think that if you were school-teachers you would want to have one of your scholars write your history. There is a common notion about school life, — one of the stupid traditions which have an ounce of truth to eleven ounces of falsehood in them, — that school-teachers and school-boys are natural foes and cannot understand each other. And yet Arthur Stanley wrote the life of Dr. Thomas Arnold, his teacher in the old school at Rugby, in such a way that the great master's fame has been set like a jewel firm and bright in the record of the nineteenth century; and school-teaching owes no little of its new dignity and attractiveness to that delightful book. It has added a name to history, and almost a new sister to the family of the high arts.

Suppose that you could have the privilege of sitting down with Mrs. Agassiz and hearing her tell of the great naturalist and the enthusiastic, child-hearted, lion-hearted man! Suppose that you could walk with Dean Stanley and hear him tell about his great master, to whom he owed so much of his learning and his character! You can do both these things if you will read these books. The nature of the men they write of will come through the kindred natures and the warm love of those who write about them. It is sunshine poured through sunlight. So the story of Wil-

liam Lloyd Garrison, told by his children, has a certain richness about it which comes from the sympathy with his work which was fed in the home and at the very table of the great emancipator when these biographers were boys. So the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Julian Hawthorne, while it has the faults has also much of the charm which belongs to a son's life of a father, — the charm of ancestral genius reflected through an hereditary genius like itself.

Besides these two, the autobiography and the friend's biography, there remains the great mass of biographies which must of necessity be the work of authors far removed from the subjects about whom they write, perhaps of quite different habits and associations. The biographer of M. Pasteur calls the book which tells his story, "*La Vie d'un Savant par un ignorant*," and as we read we easily see that there is some advantage for us in the fact that the author who writes writes from the outside, and is not himself a proficient in the knowledge and the art in which the great French naturalist excels. There is a quiet school-master at Harrow who spends his placid life in hearing school-boy lessons all day long, who, nevertheless, has written a biography of a soldier, a statesman, a ruler of men, — the picturesque and heroic Lord Lawrence, ruler of the Punjaub and subduer of the Indian mutiny, — which makes that terrible time live again and all its awful lessons burn like fire. This noble and most interesting book of Bosworth Smith is a fine instance of the kind of biography whose writer is neither bound by kindred nor identified by similarity of occupation with his hero. This author had never even seen the far-off gorgeous India in which his drama was enacted, nor had he had anything to do with mili-

tary life. Such books as his mean something different from the personal interest in one's own life from which comes the autobiography, something different from the desire to raise a monument to a dear friend, or to perpetuate a special bit of history. They mean that large and healthy sense which feels that every strong human career must have in it, whatever its particular field of action may have been, something which belongs to all humanity, and which it will do all human creatures good to know. Such a book, therefore, is a token of the humanness both of him who writes it and of him about whom it is written. Take another. Take Professor Masson's *Life of John Milton*. He who wants to know what was done in England during the great years which filled the middle of the seventeenth century may read that book, and one might almost say that he need read no other, so vitally does the great Puritan poet stand in the centre of the great tumult of human life, and so vitally does the humanity of his biographer feel him standing there.

Great as is the charm which other writers have, this writer, who writes solely because the man of whom he writes seems to him to belong to all mankind and to have something to say to every age, must always have a charm deeper than any other. Great is he who in some special vocation, as a soldier, a governor, a scientist, does good and helpful work for fellow-man. Greater still is he who, doing good work in his special occupation, carries within his devotion to it a human nature so rich and true that it breaks through his profession and claims the love and honor of his fellow-men, simply and purely as a man. His is the life which some true human eye discerns, and some loving and grateful hand makes the subject of a picture to which all men enthusiastically turn.

I cannot help fearing that in my evening's talk thus far I have hastily named too many of the great works of biography with which our literature is filled, and so have not made so clear as I should wish the subject of biography in general. It is a bad fault always so to paint the picture that men cannot see the forest for the trees. If, however, I have tempted any of my young hearers to read any of the books which I have named, my fault has not been wholly faulty. But as I pass on to say a few words of my third topic, the Reader of Biography, let me speak more generally.

First of all, what must the reader bring in order to get the real life out of the biography he reads? I answer in one word, a true life of his own. Reading the story of a man whom you admire, whose character is bright and splendid before you, may be the worst thing you can do, unless you meet it with a character and manhood which turns what you read into your own shape and appropriates this other man's vitality into its own. The object of reading biography, it cannot be too earnestly or too often said, is not imitation, but inspiration. Imitation does not require life; inspiration does. For imitation you need nothing but a lump of clay or putty; for inspiration you must have a pair of lungs. When will all teachers and all scholars learn that behind all acquirements there must lie character and powers, behind all learning you must have life? Before you can get mental training you must get a mind; before you can learn to live well you must learn to live; before one can become something one must be something. "To him that hath," so Jesus tells us, "to him shall be given." Therefore, to the lives of other men you must carry a

true life of your own, — convictions, intentions, resolutions, a true character. Then your career will not be swamped by theirs, though theirs may give to yours color and direction; then they will make you wiser, stronger, braver, but they will leave you still yourself. Here is the only danger which I know in the reading of biographies, lest he who reads shall lose himself, shall come to be not himself, but the feeble repetition of some other man. It is the danger which attends all friendship, all personal intercourse of man with man. Your own responsibilities, your own chances, your own thoughts, your own hopes, your own religion, which are different from those of any other man who ever lived, those you must keep sacred, and then summon the inspiration of the greatest and most vital men whom you can find to touch your life with their fire, and make you not what they are, but more thoroughly and energetically yourself.

And, then, bringing and keeping this life of his own, what sort of biographies shall any special young man select to read? Two sorts, I answer. Those of men most like himself in character and vocation, and those of men who are most unlike. Let him read the first sort for light and intensity; let him read the second for sympathy and breadth. Here is a young naturalist. Let him read the life of Agassiz of which I spoke. What preparation can be better for the life that is to deal immediately with nature than to see how nature filled and satisfied a very large, rich human life; what a great, fresh, happy, and hopeful man it made; how sacred nature was to him? Such a life well read must rescue the pursuit of natural science from its abstractness, and clothe it with human interest. Before I undertake any work, I think that it

will do me good to meet, and walk through the pages of his biography with, the best and greatest man who ever did that thing before. My work, when I go forth to do it, will seem at once more real and more ideal, more familiar and more exalted, for such reading. But at the same time my young naturalist should also read such a book as Dr. Holmes's *Life of Emerson*. He should see how full of strength and goodness a man might be who knew nothing of scientific studies; he should learn the poetic and philosophic values of the stars, and the mountains, and the field; he should provide himself with humility by learning the dignity and worth of thought and knowledge, which it is beyond his power or outside of his range to attain. These two lives together, one showing him the greatness of what he can do, the other showing him the greatness of what he cannot do; one making his purpose more intense, the other making his sympathy more extensive; both of them he should read with reverence and love.

And how should a biography be read? I answer, with as little of the literary sense as possible. A biography is, indeed, a book; but far more than it is a book it is a man. Insist on seeing and knowing the man whom it enshrines. Never lay the biography down until the man is a living, breathing, acting person to you. Then you may close, and lose, and forget the book; the man is yours forever. It is a poor telescope that keeps you thinking of its lens and does not make you possess the star. I said about an hour ago that the great Christian book was a biography. The Gospels are the greatest biography that was ever written. And how little literary feeling there is about the Gospels. How we hardly think about them as

a book. How it is the blessed man whom we see through their colorless transparency that occupies our attention and our thoughts! To read a biography must be to see a man, — Johnson or Scott or Macaulay. Boswell or Lockhart or Trevelyan must only be the friend who brings the two, you and Johnson or Macaulay or Scott, together.

I think that the reading of many biographies ought to be begun in the middle. It seems a disorderly suggestion, but it has reason in it. It is the way in which you come to know a man. You touch his life at some point in its course; you find it full of attractive activity; you grow interested in what he is doing. So you grow interested in him, and then, not till then, you care to know how he came to be what you find him, — what his training was; what his youth was; who his parents were, perhaps who his ancestors were, and who was the first man of his name who came over to America, and where that progenitor's other descendants have settled. The same is true, I think, of a biography. Indeed, I have often wondered whether a biography might not be written in that way. Let the Life of General Grant begin with the story of Shiloh or of Vicksburg, and when that glowing narrative has thoroughly interested the reader in the great soldier, then let us hear about the childhood in Ohio, and the early life at West Point, and St. Louis, and Galena. Probably biographers will not write so for us; but we may sometimes read thus the biographies which they have written in the dull order of chronology, and find them full of livelier and deeper interest.

And now what is it all for? I must not talk so

long as I have talked to-night, about a certain kind of literature, and urge you to give it a high place in your reading without trying, before I close, to gather up in simple statement the good results which have come to many, and which will come to you from an intelligent reading of biography. I mention four particulars.

It gives reality to foreign lands and distant times. There is no land so foreign and no time so distant that a familiar personality, set by imagination in the midst of it, will not make it familiar. Some friend of yours goes to live in Venice or Bombay, and how immediately your vision of that remote scene brightens into vividness. The place belongs to you. The Grand Canal and the Caves of Elephanta are real things. You see your friend floating on the "tremulous street," or losing himself in the gloom of the solemn cavern. Or you are able to picture to yourself how this other friend would have behaved in the days of Luther. You can imagine him back into the tumult of the Reformation. And straightway the Reformation days are here. Luther is denouncing Tetzl in your study. Biography does the same thing for us, only better. It takes the man who really lived in Venice or Bombay or Wittenburg and makes him real. It makes him live, and straightway all his time and place lives with him, as all the heavens spring into glory when the sun clothes itself with light. With each man who becomes a living being to you, a whole new world comes into being. Each new man is a new sun. In all our minds there are regions of recognized but unrealized space and time, only waiting for us to set a real living human life into the midst of them to make them open into reality and glow with life.

Still more important and interesting are the regions of thought which are unreal to me until some man stands in the midst of them and lights them up. I read the history of metaphysics. I open and study the great heavy tomes. If my tastes are in quite other directions I say, "How dull this whole thing is! How vague and dreary these abstractions are!" And then I turn and read the life of some great metaphysician, and how everything is changed. I do not understand this great science any more than I did before, but I see him understand it. The enthusiasm trembles in his voice, the light kindles in his eye, as he talks and looks upon these abstract propositions which appeared to me so dreary. It cannot be but that they catch his light. The whole world which they make is real to me through his reality. My universe is larger by this great expanse. So one world after another kindles into vividness when I see its human inhabitant. The world of music, the world of mathematics, the world of politics, the world of charity, the world of religion, each is a real world to me when in the midst of it stands its real man.

Again, think what must be the effect upon personal character of the reading of a great biography. If it is really a great life greatly told, like Johnson's, or like Scott's, two convictions grow up in us as we read: first, this man was vastly greater than I can ever be; and, second, this man, great as he is, is of the same human sort that I am of, and so I may attain to the same kind of greatness which he reached. The first conviction brings humility, the second brings encouragement. And humility and encouragement together, each by its very presence saving the other from the vices to which it is most inclined, these are

the elements which make the noblest character and the happiest life. To be humble because we are ourselves; to be courageous because we are part of the great humanity, and because all that any man in any time has done in some true sense belongs to us, in some true sense we did it; to catch the two certainties, one of the identity of mankind and the other of the essential and eternal distinctness of every man, even the most cheap and insignificant; to hold these two convictions in their true poise and proportion; to let them make for us one unity of character, this is a large part of the secret of good living, and no kind of book helps us to this so much as a good biography.

But, finally, may we not say that the supreme blessing of biography is that it is always bathing the special in the universal, and so renewing its vitality and freshness? Our little habits grow so hard. We get so set in our small ways of doing things. We become creatures of this moment of time on which we happen to have fallen. The power of dull fashion and routine takes possession not merely of the way we dress and talk, but of the way we think. Our schools have their cheap little standards, and our colleges have theirs, and our professions theirs, and every duty makes more of the way in which it is done than of the divine meaning and motive of doing it at all; all gets to seem parched and hardened like a midsummer plain, and then you take up your great biography and as you read is it not as if the fountains were flung open and the great river came pouring down over the arid desert? The local standard, the mere arbitrary fashion of the moment, disappears in the great richness of human life; the part bathes itself in the

whole; the morbid becomes healthy; the peculiar is freed from any haunting affectation, and becomes simply that individual expression of the universal which every true man must be.

Do we say that all this may come through large association with our living fellow-men without reading about the dead? Much of it may, no doubt, come so. But in some respects the great dead, whose faces look out on us through their biographies, have always the advantage; they are the best of their kind, the most picturesque illustrations of the characters they bear; their lives upon the earth are finished and complete. They will not change some day and throw into confusion the lessons which we have learned from them; and since they belong to many lands and many times they bring us a sense of universal human life which cannot come to us from the most active contact with living men, who, after all, must represent very much the same conditions to which we ourselves belong.

Therefore, while it is good to walk among the living, it is good also to live with the wise, great, good dead. It keeps out of life the dreadful feeling of extemporaneousness with its conceit and its despair. It makes us alway know that God made other men before He made us. It furnishes a constant background for our living. It provides us with perpetual humility and inspiration.

There are some of the great old paintings in which some common work of common men is going on, some serious but most familiar action,—the meeting of two friends, the fighting of a battle, a marriage or a funeral, and all the background of the picture is a mass of living faces, dim, misty, evidently with a veil

between them and the life we live, yet evidently there, evidently watching the sad or happy scene, and evidently creating an atmosphere within which the action of the picture goes its way. Like such a picture is the life of one who lives in a library of biographies, and feels the lives which have been, always pouring in their spirit and example on the lives which have succeeded them upon the earth.

I thank you for your kind and patient attention, and if anything which I have said has been of interest or value to you, I am very glad.

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